One Year Later: Why There Could Be Another Blackout

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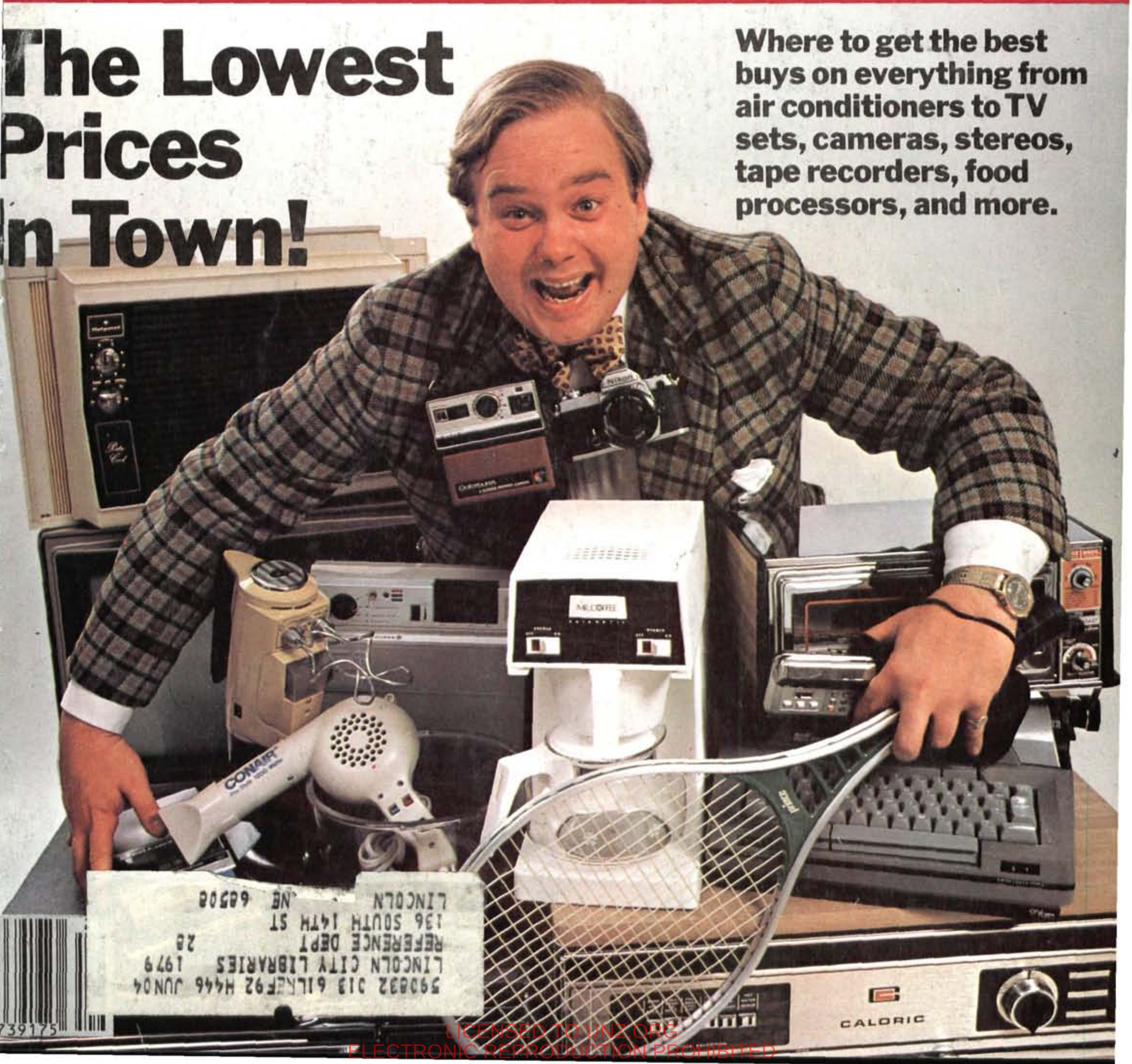

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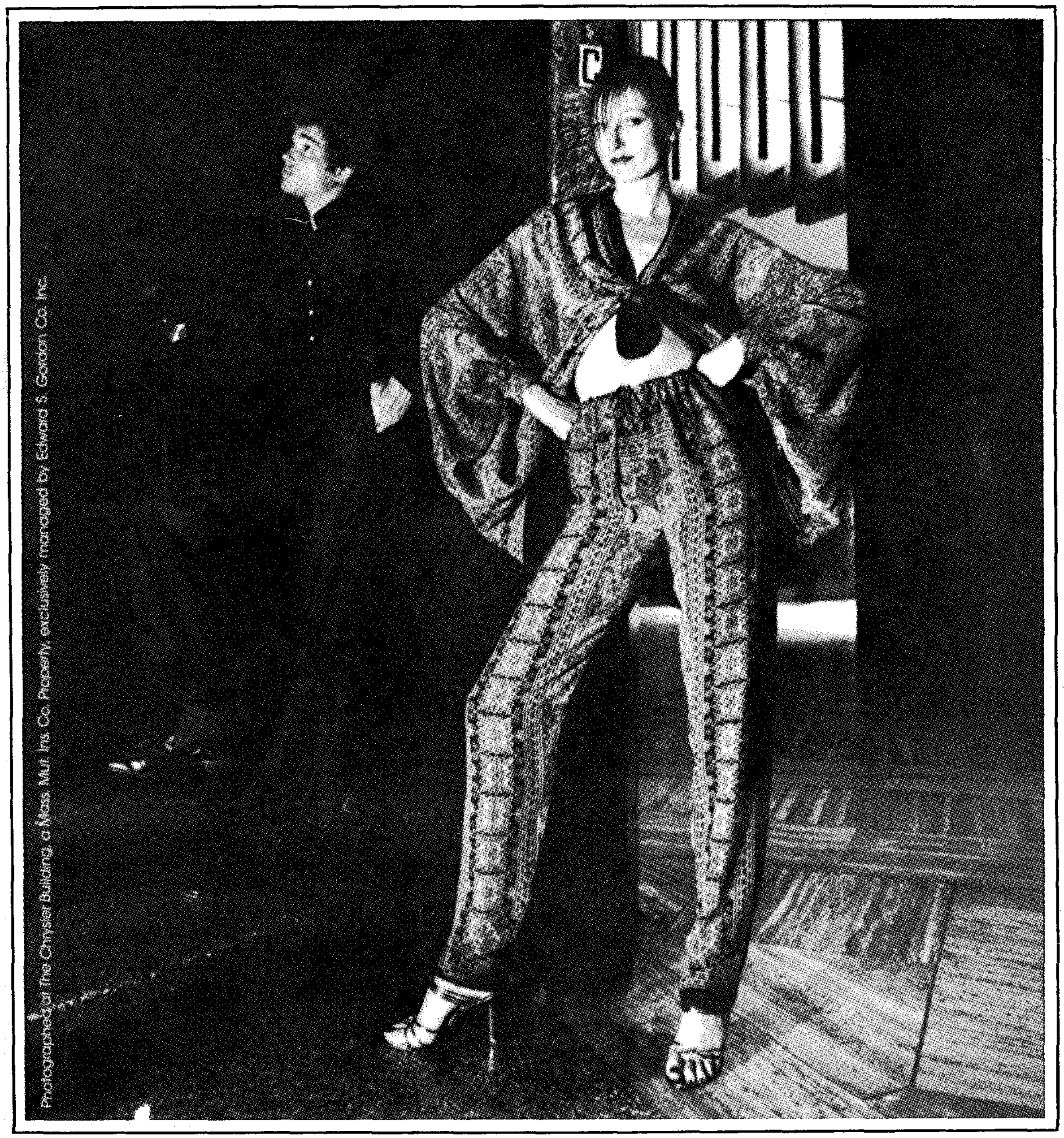

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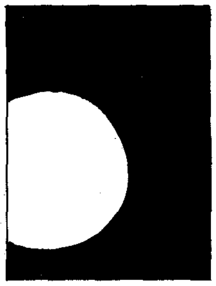
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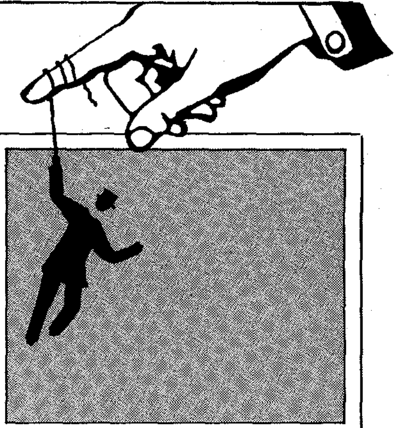
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Where Will You Be When the Lights Go Out This Summer?

By Carolyn Kay Brancato

It's a year since the Great Blackout; could it happen again? Probably not the same way, but there *are* other ways. The frightening news is that Consolidated Edison and its regulatory agencies haven't even begun to face the problems—especially those in the Con Ed management—that could bring about another breakdown of service. In fact, as Carolyn Brancato has discovered, it's only by divine intervention that blackouts aren't more common.

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The War of the Movie Critics

By Stuart Byron

Some things used to be sacred, and one of these was the agreement whereby movie critics would never review a film until the day after it opened. This is no longer true. And while the notion of jumping a review day might strike an outsider as small potatoes, the story behind it is one of a Byzantine struggle for power. Longtime movie watcher Stuart Byron reports from the front.

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Special Handbook: Discount Fever

By Jon J. Bloomberg

In the marketing of home appliances—air conditioners, hi-fi equipment, televisions, dishwashers, etc.—the manufacturer's "suggested retail price" is a suggestion rarely followed. Shopping today, through the welter of discount stores all over New York and out into the suburbs, evokes the spirit of the old marketplace; you hunt, you haggle—and sometimes you save a bundle. In this special handbook, we guide you through the cut-rate world, with information on what a particular piece of equipment can cost where, along with some pointers on how to score points with New York's markdown mavens.

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A First-Class Father and Other Dilemmas

By Ralph Schoenstein

Humorist and essayist Ralph Schoenstein has done all right for himself. But when the name of Schoenstein is written up yonder, it'll be for Ralph's father, Paul, onetime city editor of the (sob!) New York *Journal-American*, a man who threw his son a bar mitzvah that Winchell and Kilgallen covered, and spent his life traveling first-class. Herewith, an awed but loving filial memoir.

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The City Politic: Allan Bakke—The Skin Game

By Sidney Zion

Allan Bakke can go to medical school. But the case isn't over: Pressure groups are already out to overthrow the Supreme Court's decision, and five justices expressed themselves as willing to let the color of a man's skin determine his fate.

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Piano Bar continues to play despite deservedly negative reviews.

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A fabulous show of the art of old Pompeii will be coming to New York next year; now, it's worth a trip to Boston.

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By Seymour Britchky

The décor at Il Menestrello may not win prizes, but it doesn't really matter.

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By Alan Rich

If the new-music battle has fizzled, as a *Times* article recently suggested, the blame must be widely spread.

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By Molly Haskell

A happy farewell, as Ms. Haskell gives up movie criticism for cleaner work. (Starting with our July 31 issue, David Denby will take over as film critic.)

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Page of Lists: Fairs to Remember

By J. Wandres

From now until early October, all manner of county and state fairs take place in the vicinity. Here's a list.

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Inset, Pete Turner/Image Bank

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JULY 17, 1978—VOL. 11 NO. 29

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As you know.
There is a new Bob Dylan album called "Street-Legal"
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". . . the isle is full of noises . . ."

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LETTERS

Whither Whence

In his review of the Brecht-Bentley *Good Woman of Setzuan* ["Injustice, Universal Style," June 5], John Simon expresses surprise to find some bad English, namely the phrase "from whence." He also professes to find this phrase there twice, whereas I can find it only once—page 138 of the Grove Press edition. And that once it is *meant* to be bad English. Speaking is a bumbling person who is eager to fill out the ten syllables of a blank-verse line even at the cost of a little linguistic fumbling. The line is: " 'Twill come and take us back from whence we came." I dislike "from whence" and I dislike " 'twill" even more.

Eric Bentley
Manhattan

Abe and Ale

Terry Clifford's "listography" is awesome, but I'm afraid her description of Abraham Lincoln as a McSorley's regular is pure ale and porter froth ["The Oldest Restaurants in New York," June 19].

Old Abe indeed was in the vicinity, but next door at Cooper Union on February 27, 1860, delivering the famous "right makes might" speech that instantly made him a national GOP presidential contender. A year later, as president-elect, he and Mrs. Lincoln were in New York City for several days, but I doubt that given Mrs. L's jealousy she would have allowed him to "sneak" down to McSorley's without her.

Harry C. Levin
Manhattan

Beyond Race

In these ethnic times, I can understand people wanting to express pride in their roots ["Mulatto Pride," by Orde Coombs, June 26]. But "mulatto"? In 1978? The very word brings to mind the offspring of female slaves and their masters. The people in the article seem to be hung up on defining who they are. Everyone else, having moved on, is busy expressing themselves however they see fit.

Paula Wiggins
Brooklyn

What's in a Name

Your text and photograph are in unwitting disagreement with each other when it comes to interiors ["The Most Expensive Hotel Rooms in Town," by Terry Clifford, July 3]. After all, the piano in the Hilton's penthouse is not a Steinway, as your article suggests, but a Yamaha, as your photograph indicates.

Abigail Laufer
Manhattan

A Song to Sing Along-o

Either I *always* sit next to Alan Rich when I go to Gilbert and Sullivan performances, or *everyone* who goes wants to sing along ["And Pops of Sillery Their Light Artillery," July 3].

Why not welcome it? Can I enlist Mr. Rich's aid in a long-cherished wish of mine for a true sing-along performance? We've had sing-along *Messiahs* with the best of soloists; after all, I bet an advertised d'Oyly Carte evening at which the audience was invited to sing out, at least in the choruses, would be a smash.

Anne Tolstoi Wallach
Manhattan

How the Rich Get Richer

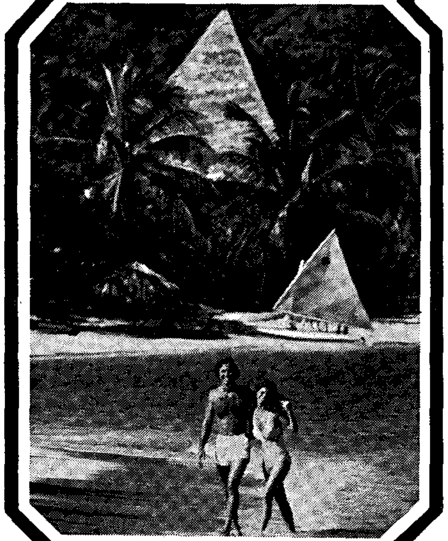
In my morning mail, along with my copies of *The Lazy Man's Way to Riches, Earn $3,000 per Month Stuffing Envelopes,* and *Own a Thriving Business—No Investment,* came the July 3 issue of *New York* Magazine with Ron Rosenbaum's article ["Chariots of the Insurance Salesmen"] about mail-order get-rich-quick schemes. (The magazine was the only thing in my mailbox worth what I paid for it.)

I enjoyed this article but must take exception to Mr. Rosenbaum's belief that "these get-rich-quick dreamers are the last capitalists." This is like calling the desperadoes who search for romance in the "Find Your Ideal Mate" columns in their local newspapers the last of the great lovers.

For people who can afford to be suckers in the interest of curiosity, these get-rich-quick schemes pose little threat. Mr. Rosenbaum might have done a major service for a lot of poor people who can't afford to be duped even once by these tempting gimmicks by emphasizing the point that for the most part the only ones getting rich from these get-rich-quick schemes are those writing the ads. They prey not on the capitalist drives of the American public but on the empty stomachs of a lot of hungry people and the curiosity of all of us, rich or poor, who are intrigued with the prospect of getting something for nothing.

Lisa R. Berkowitz
Manhattan

At Little Dix the British never lose their cool.



Nor do the Americans, actually. Because all year our sunny tropical British Virgin Islands climate is tempered by the cool trade winds. Refreshing news.

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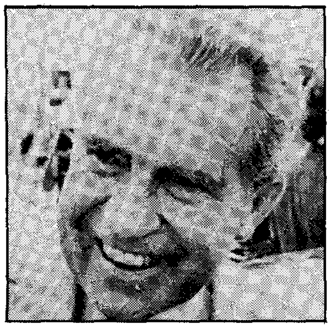
NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

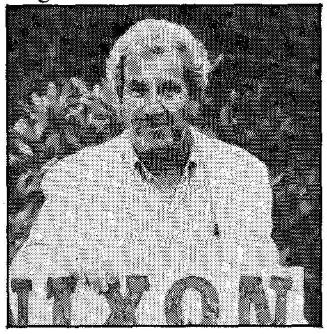
The Nixon-Tuck Encounter

The ultimate political dirty trick has just been played in tiny Hyden, Kentucky, and no one's sure who tricked whom. Was Richard Nixon the merry prankster or was Dick Tuck? The story begins with the dispatch, by this magazine, of Tuck to Hyden to cover Nixon's appearance there. Tuck returned with what he says is the goods: notes from a 20-to-25-minute conversation with Nixon in his motel suite on the Sunday of the visit. According to the Tuck report, our man sent a note in to Nixon asking for a meeting and adding a P.S. to the effect that he'd liked Nixon's book.

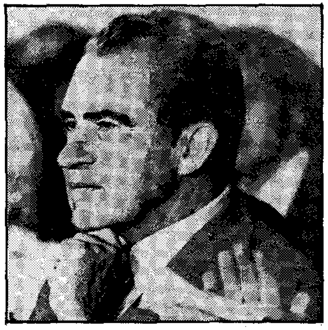


Saturday's Nixon: Looking gray.

"Brennan [Colonel Jack Brennan, Nixon's aide] came out and took me in," reports Tuck. "Nixon was sitting there at a table, in a suit and tie. I assumed he was working on his speech for the afternoon. He talked a little about Proposition 13. He mentioned the good old days of campaigning. He said Haldeman could have run a better campaign from prison at Lompoc than the one run against Proposition 13." Tuck notes, though, that Nixon had no opinion about the merits of the tax-cutting proposition. Nixon told Tuck he was keeping a diary. Asked by Tuck about his plans for the future, Nixon said: "About 35 or 40 countries have asked me to visit and I might accept . . . Egypt, Yugoslavia, Israel. . . ." Tuck asked why Nixon had chosen to visit Hyden. "They have always been good to us. It is a reservoir of goodwill. They asked me." Talking about his resignation, Tuck says Nixon said: "I still think, had there been a popular vote, I'd have won." Tuck says that Nixon looked at him at one point and said: "Your hair's got thin." Tuck says he noted to himself that Nixon's hair looked strangely dark and shining that day in contrast to the gray that had showed the day before. Had Nixon dyed it during the night in his room? (See our pictures.) At the end of the session, says Tuck, he told Nixon: "Of course you understand, Mr. President, that my editors at *New York* Magazine were hoping that I'd come back with a signed confession. I've enjoyed our conversation, but I'm not sure that I have much of a story." To which Nixon smiled and said: "Don't worry. You'll think of something." Tuck says he cracked back: "Yeah, and you'll deny you said it." Well, Nixon does deny it. His aide, Colonel Brennan, told us from San Clemente that the meeting never took place. "When we got Tuck's letter asking for an interview, the president and I had a good laugh," says Brennan. To which Tuck replies: "This is Nixon's revenge. He's been out to get even with me for years for all the tricks I played on him. Why didn't I take in a tape recorder? With Nixon? You've got to be kidding." In fact, *New York* Magazine editors could not find a single person to corroborate Tuck's contention that he saw Nixon in his motel room. Tuck isn't surprised or angry that his historic meeting is being denied. He says he noted, during their motel session, subtle changes that had come over the former president. This was another Nixon, says Tuck. The long exile had left its mark on his face and on the speed of his thought processes, too, says Tuck. Tuck does have one tangible souvenir of his visit to Hyden.



Tuck: Motel meeting, he says.



Sunday's Nixon: After dye job?

While Nixon was driving out of the town he spotted Tuck standing by the road and holding up a sign from the past, BRING US TOGETHER. The former president ordered his car (it was the 1956 Cadillac convertible which had been behind President Kennedy's limousine on that awful day in Dallas; its upholstery was now held together with gaffer tape) to a halt. He beckoned Tuck over and asked for the copy of the Nixon memoirs Tuck was also holding. (The local store was selling the book with the proviso that, if Nixon didn't autograph it, it didn't mean you got your money back.) With a flourish, Nixon signed, "To Dick Tuck from Richard Nixon." There the story would end except that the ex-president's men are denying there ever was a close encounter of any kind at the motel. "I'm willing to take a lie-detector test," Tuck says. "Is he?"

BY NEAL TRAVIS

'Dancin'' and Phantom Seats

There's always something pleasant in seeing a great and powerful institution get shafted. So what they're laughing about on Broadway today is what happened to the Shubert Organization and its smash musical *Dancin'*. Soon after *Dancin'* opened at the Broadhurst Theater, it was doing SRO business—except that there were always about 100 vacant seats. Each night the empty seats were in a different part of the theater. Suspecting theft, the Shuberts informed their insurance company. Police and the attorney general's office were called in. But no one has yet sat in one of the "stolen" seats. There's no way the Shuberts can re-sell them, because, until the curtain goes up on each performance, they don't know where the ghost seats are. Our sources say the missing tickets cover all performances starting over two months ago and extending through July 31. The loss in the 1,186-seat house could approach $500,000. At this stage the Shuberts tend to think they've been the victims of someone who has a grudge against the organization and that the tickets have been destroyed.

Partner Wanted: Bring Own Money

Mary Anne Krupsak needs money for her gubernatorial campaign, something like a quick $1.5 million according to her aides. That's why the Krupsak camp was casting far and wide last week for a suitable running mate for Mary Anne. The credentials desired were that he be male, preferably from New York City, and definitely rich. Oh, yes, and "credible" too. One of the names high on the list (don't laugh) was that perennial candidate and builder of garages, Abe Hirschfeld.

Photo credits: top left— Wide World ; top right— UPI ; bottom— photographed by Dirck Halstead/Time

Quitting Time At White House

Costanza: Down and soon out?

The White House is not a happy house right now. It's only a matter of time before Midge Costanza decides there's no future in sitting in the basement while Anne Wexler basks in the sunlight upstairs. Watch Midge spend more time on New York politics, then quit Washington altogether. Then there's Barry Jagoda, the president's liaison with the media. Jagoda has become noticeably unhappy since Carter's pal Gerry Rafshoon came in over him. Jagoda's been putting out feelers to his old friends in the networks. Rafshoon is riding high at the moment, which is nice, considering the way things had been going for him. He was fired from Mario Cuomo's mayoral campaign, then said he was going to be a big-shot Hollywood producer. Nothing came of that, so the White House spot was really welcome.

An Awful Lot of Ludwig in Brazil

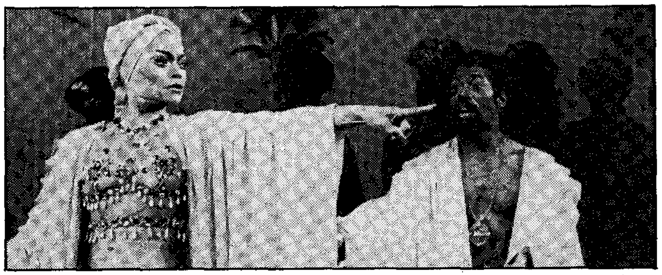
When America's richest man, Daniel K. Ludwig, takes his early-morning stroll from his Park V apartment to his Sixth Avenue office these days, his thoughts are actually on faraway Brazil. Ludwig is methodically selling many of his assets here and reinvesting the proceeds there. Currently on the block is the plush Princess Hotel chain, which Ludwig built up in a hang-the-cost expansionist period. The chain doesn't bring the kind of returns Ludwig now wants, and he is negotiating to turn it over—either as an outright sale or in a management deal—to someone else. Hilton Hotels is the likely choice. Earlier Ludwig sold off half of his Australian coalfield interests for $210 million and has optioned the rest. Other holdings are also for sale. Daniel K. is putting an awful lot of money into Brazil, where his most grandiose scheme is the construction of the biggest paper-and-pulp mill in the world. The mill itself is being built in Japan and will be floated over to Brazil. In the meantime, Ludwig's scientists have developed a new strain of tree that reaches full growth in seven or eight years; maturation of trees now used in paper-and-pulp manufacture is 25 years. The Brazilian government is doing everything to keep Ludwig happy. Why not? The Ludwig investment could reach $2-billion.

He Should Watch Out for Hemlock

The man who tried to close down Studio 54 and who cost it hundreds of thousands of dollars when he yanked its liquor license is going to Studio 54 for a fund raiser. Yes, Michael Roth, Republican candidate for attorney general and former chairman of the State Liquor Authority, will be joining his leader, Perry Duryea, and others on the GOP ticket at a big bash in the jet-set disco in September. It was Roth who, a year ago, personally rounded up a police posse and stormed the portals of Studio 54 when he learned that owners Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager were selling liquor without a license. He even supervised the arrest and temporary incarceration of the two and their assistants. It took four months and the help of Roy Cohn to obtain, finally, the necessary piece of paper. So what will Rubell do when Roth again marches in his door? "I'll march him over to the bar and buy him a drink," says Steve.

How JFK Got Brooke off Hook

The current financial difficulties of Senator Edward Brooke don't really surprise some old Washington hands. They recall that back in 1962 President Kennedy was told by the IRS that Brooke, who'd just been elected attorney general of Massachusetts, had failed to file a number of federal-tax returns. Kennedy wondered what to do about it. Brooke was a black, a Republican, and from the Kennedy bailiwick. If the promising young politician got into trouble with the IRS, it might look as if the Kennedys were trying to crush an opponent. Finally JFK ordered that no action be taken against Brooke. We asked Brooke's spokesman, Robert Waite, about all this. "There was some brouhaha about taxes," said Waite. "Maybe he missed a filing, or something. My understanding is that the matter was all fixed up and the taxes were paid."



Kitt, Hawkins: Drumming up some funny business in Timbuktu!

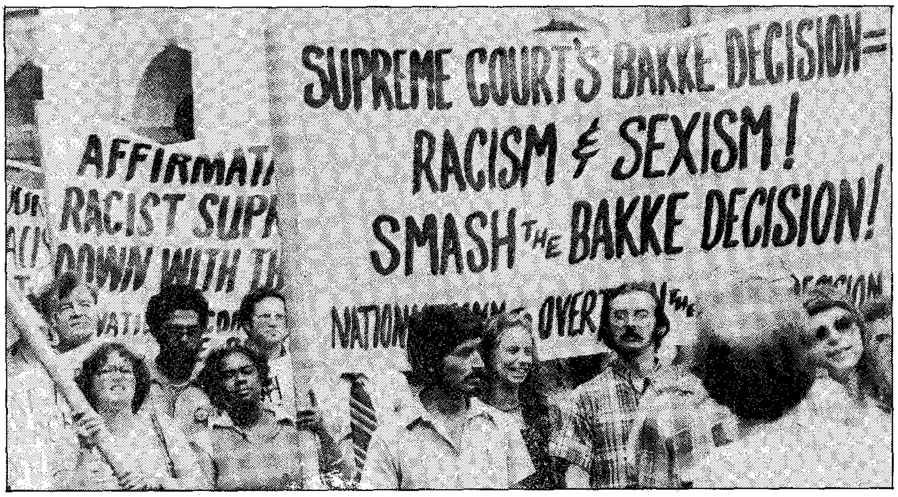
Broadway Notes From All Over

Fun and games in *Timbuktu!,* where stars Ira Hawkins and Eartha Kitt are engaged in a long-running squabble. Sometimes, it's alleged, the sensuous Eartha sneaks out from the wings while Ira's singing and draws the audience's attention. Geoffrey Holder is threatening to knock their heads together if they don't cease. . . . Martha Mitchell once told us that her greatest ambition was to play Broadway. She never made it, but a play about her is trying. Irene Worth just opened in Illinois in *After the Season,* in which she plays John Mitchell's outspoken wife. . . . Jo Sullivan is planning a Broadway run, her first since *The Most Happy Fella* back in the fifties. Jo's *Evening on Broadway* will feature the songs of her late husband, Frank Loesser, and will be directed by Ron Field after he's done *King of Hearts. . . . Sweeney Todd,* the new Stephen Sondheim/Hal Prince show, will really involve its audiences. The musical will be staged, just as *Candide* was, as "environmental theater," meaning that the action takes place on ramps running around and through the audience. . . . The *West Side Story* revival Jerome Robbins is putting together just got postponed until the winter. The search for a youthful cast has slowed down a bit, but Robbins did get a commitment from set designer Robin Wagner, who's the toast of Broadway, thanks to *On the Twentieth Century. . . .* Robert Schuler finally raised enough backing for his production of *Dorothy* to go ahead. This one's a musical about Dorothy Parker. Paul Zindel is doing the book and Paul Williams and Ken Ascher the music and lyrics. Patrice Munsel has been selected to star as Parker and the fact that she's married to producer Schuler is probably just a coincidence. . . . In this space, recently, Anita MacShane, of the Urban Arts Corps, criticized producer Mike Nichols's handling of the show *Alice.* Here's his reply: "Miss MacShane's remarks are characteristic and untrue. None of it is worth commenting on except her remarks about 'director' Mike Nichols. Anyone who was around *Alice* for more than fifteen minutes can tell you I had nothing to do with the direction. God knows!"

Photo credit: top left— Wide World

The City Politic/Sidney Zion

ALLAN BAKKE: THE SKIN GAME



The day after: *The Bakke decision brought marchers to Foley Square.*

Fourteenth in Danger

In his blind-dating period during the early 1950s, Joseph Kates of Sunnyside, Queens, would open his telephone pitch to the hopefuls as follows: "My name is Joseph Kates, I live in the borough of Queens, and I'm an accounting major at the City College of New York. *But don't hang up;* I have something to say."

This one is about the Bakke case, but don't hang up. . . .

So, while press coverage of the decision has achieved overkill, the most extraordinary point about it has been ignored: Only one justice on the Supreme Court found unconstitutional the racial-quota system employed by the regents of the University of California in their admissions policy at Davis Medical School.

This was not merely unpredictable. It was off the boards. The Davis program was so blatantly a case of reverse discrimination that civil-rights leaders did not want it to go to the high court.

When the regents went anyway, a conspiracy theory developed among those leaders that the whole thing was a setup, that the regents were appealing only to destroy affirmative action.

It was no madcap notion, even in retrospect. Davis had no history of discrimination, and unlike other schools around the country, it made no effort to cover its quota with talk of "student diversity."

Furthermore, Allan Bakke was the worst kind of test case for the principle of affirmative action. An electrical engineer, a fine student, a Vietnam veteran who had developed a zeal to heal, Bakke's qualifications and character could not be faulted. He was rejected because he was white, in favor of far less qualified candidates.

Is it any wonder that many people in the civil-rights establishment believed they were being betrayed by a board of regents who insisted on taking this one to the Supreme Court?

Yet four justices—Brennan, Marshall, White, and Blackmun—voted to bar Allan Bakke from a medical college that had barred him strictly because of his color. The equal-protection clause, they said, was no impediment to such skin games; indeed, they implied that the overriding purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment was to encourage any scheme that might help right the wrongs done to blacks in America.

That this view came within one vote of becoming the law of the land is astonishing. We seemed, after all, to have reached a consensus in the country, including the South, that the Constitution was color-blind, that no governmentally supported institution could exclude a person because of race.

This was and is an unrealized goal, to be sure, but nonetheless a noble one, mandated by the equal-protection clause. In *Bakke,* however, five justices agreed that the Constitution is not color-blind. To support this, they cited the internment during World War II of Japanese-Americans living on the West Coast, one of the most disgraceful episodes in American history. If that isn't the same as saying two wrongs make a right, what is it?

While this position did not result in the court's upholding the Davis quota system, it came so close that Justice Brennan, writing for the four who would have upheld it, said that, in effect, the majority also held the view. According to Brennan, Justice Powell, the swing man in the case, supported this reading of the equal-protection clause so long as a university did the deed covertly, rather than the way Davis did it.

Since Powell, the only justice who found the Davis program unconstitutional—four others rejected it as in violation of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and thus did not reach the constitutional point—pointed to the Harvard plan as a legitimate method of taking race into account, Brennan could be close to the mark.

In any event he is not far off it—Harvard seems to have achieved something of a minority quota by indirection. And this, of course, makes some of the reaction to the Bakke decision incredible. The day after the ruling, for example, something new called the National Committee to Overturn the Bakke Decision held a rally at Foley Square. "Now we've got to use other means like force—and we mean strong," shouted the leader. Whereupon the crowd attempted to storm City Hall and then managed to tie up traffic on the Brooklyn Bridge. Hysteria, to say the least, but not markedly different from the exhortations of those expected to know better.

So Ramsey Clark, outraged that the court did not uphold Davis's quotas, writes in *The Nation:* "Bakke cannot stand. Bakke will not stand."

If it stood for what Clark wants, it wouldn't stand for long. Had the court excluded Bakke from medical school, Congress would have moved swiftly to amend the Civil Rights Act to make crystal clear that quota systems are illegal—certainly in cases where there is no proof of discrimination.

You don't have to be Dr. Gallup to know that the country is overwhelmingly opposed to reverse discrimination.

The amazing thing is that four justices were willing to endanger the Constitution for so quixotic a goal as affirmative-action doctors. That they did not quite succeed is reverse irony. ▬

Photograph by Bettye Lane

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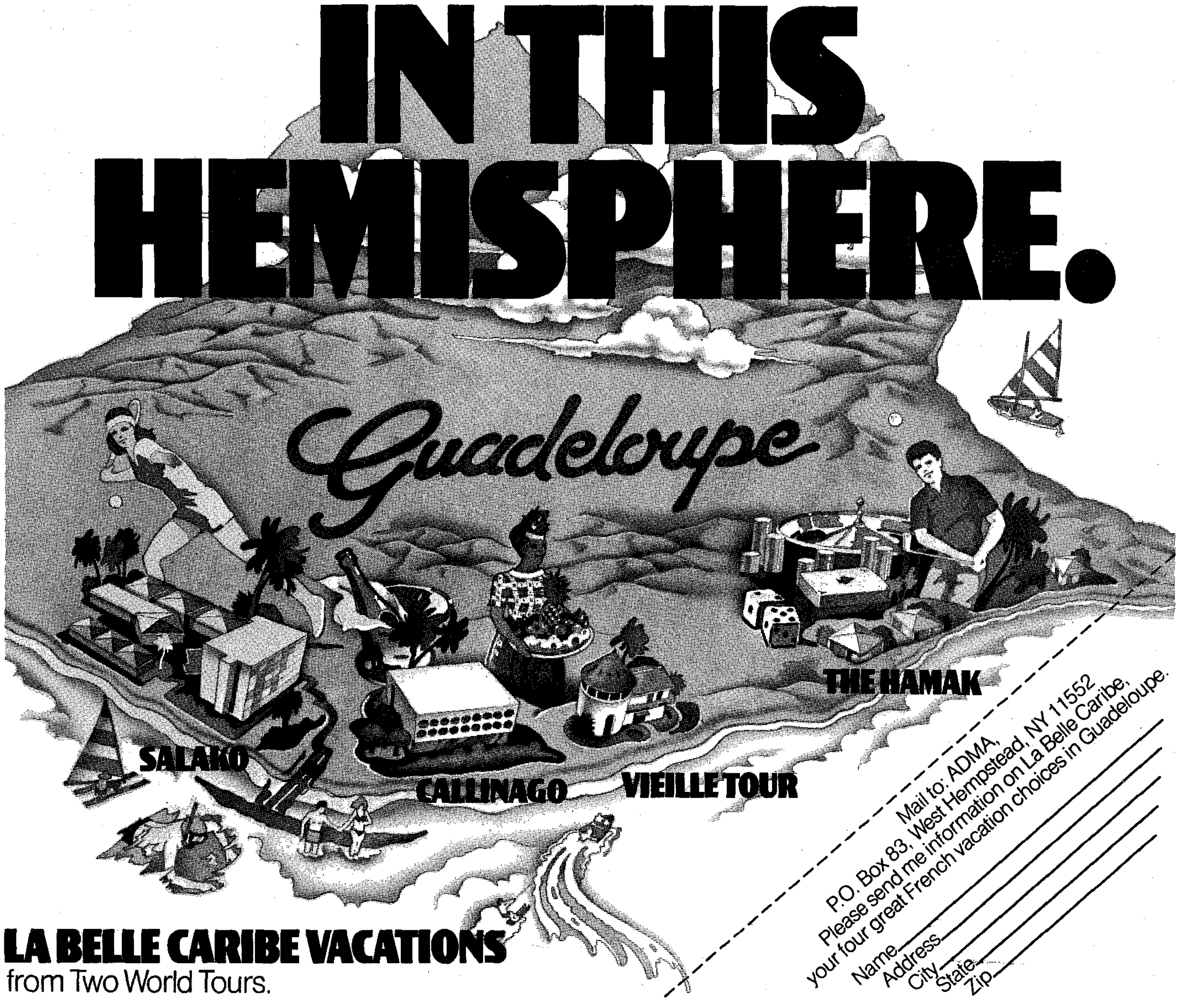

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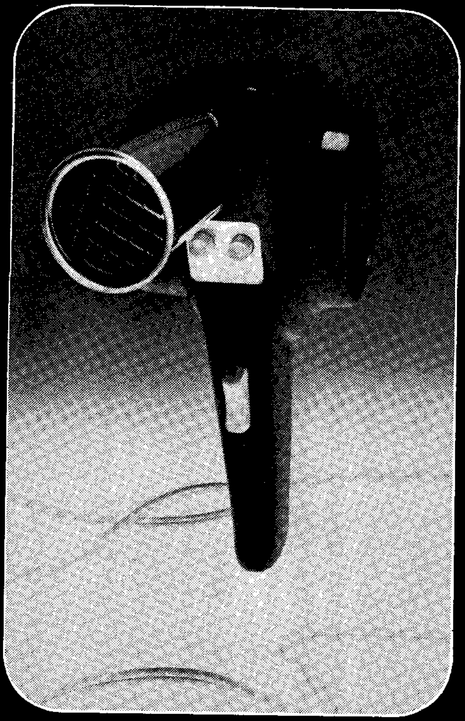

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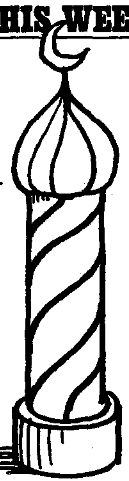
OPENING THIS WEEK

The Barber of Bagdad *opens July 12th at N.Y.U.'s University Theater, 35 W. 4th (874-1933).*



Martine Kelly *stars in* **Let's Face It, C'est La Vie** *opening 7/14 at the Festival.*

Monty Alexander, *Jamaican born pianist, opens at the Cafe Carlyle on Sunday, July 16th.*

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

July 11 through 18

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 7/11, *Klute; Coming Home.* From 7/12, *The Turning Point; Three Women.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). Thru 7/13, *A Different Story.* From 7/14, *Bread and Chocolate.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). *Grease.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 7/11, *Clouds at Sunset; Sunjuro.* 7/12, *The Clockmaker; The Red and the Black.* 7/13, *La Marseillaise; Let Joy Reign Supreme.* 7/14, 15, *Pierrot leFou; Vivre sa Vie.* 7/16, 17, *Network; The Sweet Smell of Success.* 7/18, *Zatoichi's Fire Festival; We Will Remember.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 7/11, *Andrei Roublev; My Name is Ivan.* 7/12, *I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang; You Only Live Once.* 7/13, *Dodes 'ka Den; Maria of the Ant Village.* 7/14, *The Sorrow and the Pity.* 7/15, *A Street Car Named Desire; Last Tango in Paris.* 7/16, *Anna and the King of Siam; The King and I.* 7/17, *Maedchen in Uniform; The Children's Hour.* 7/18, *L'Avventura; The Red Desert.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Cat and Mouse.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *The Faces of Love.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 7/11, *Sweet Charity; Nights of Cabiria.* 7/12, 13, *That Obscure Object of Desire; The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie.* 7/14, 15, *Two Hours with the Three Stooges; Reefer Madness.* 7/16, 17, *The Turning Point; Roseland.* 7/18, *A Thousand Clowns; Harry and Tonto.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Cheap Detective.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Jaws II.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Servant and Mistress.*

8th St Playhouse, 52 W 8th (674-6515). *The Grateful Dead.*

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). Thru 7/13, *Convoy.* From 7/14, to be announced.

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *House Calls; The Last Remake of Beau Geste.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). Thru 7/13, *Pretty Baby.* From 7/14, *Let's Face It, C'est la vie.*

59th St E, 220 E 59th (688-0750). *The Mouse and His Child.*

Gemini II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Convoy.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 7/11, *Julia.* From 7/12, *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Convoy.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). Thru 7/13, *The Mouse and His Child;* 7/14-18, *The Bad News Bears Go to Japan;* from 7/19, *International Velvet.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Cheap Detective.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Cinė, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). *Damien-Omen II.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Grease.*

Loews State I, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *Grease.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Heaven Can Wait.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Heaven Can Wait.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *The End.* II. *Edge;* Thru 7/13, *The Mouse and His Child.* From 7/14, *Swarm.* III. *Convoy.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). (Theater closed evening of 7/14.) *Jaws II.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100). 7/11, noon, *Devil's Bait;* 2:30, *Hondoo Ann;* 6 p.m. *Over the Hill.* 7/13, 2:30, *Ramona;* 6 p.m., *Marie Galante;* 8:30, *I Loved You Wednesday.* 7/14, 2:30, *The Country Doctor;* 6 p.m., *Hoodoo Ann.* 7/15, noon, *Little Old New York;* 2:30, *Ramona;* 5 p.m., *State Fair.* 7/16, noon, *Little Old New York;* 2:30, *The Country Doctor;* 5 p.m., *My Darling Clementine.* 7/17, noon, *Vengeance of the Dead;* 2:30, *In Old Chicago;* 6 p.m., *One More Spring.* 7/18, noon, *Vengeance of the Dead;* 2:30, *The Road to Glory;* 6 p.m. *Jesse James.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Pretty Baby.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 7/13, *Coming Home; Jabberwocky.* From 7/14, *The Bad News Bears Go To Japan; Islands in the Stream.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). Theater closed 7/12, 13, evenings. Thru 7/18, *An Unmarried Woman.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Viva Italia!*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 7/11, *Coming Home.* From 7/12, to be announced.

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Madame Rosa.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *High Anxiety.* From 7/14, *The Swarm.* II. Thru 7/13, *A Place in the Sun; The Wild One.* From 7/14, *A Different Story.* III. *The First Time.* IV. *That Obscure Object of Desire; The Lacemaker.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St at 6th Ave (CI 6-4600). *Matilda.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 7/11, *Broadway Melody of 1938; Dangerous When Wet.* 7/12-15, *Romeo and Juliet; The Barretts of Wimpole Street.* 7/16-18, *Meet Me in St. Louis.*

Rivoli, 1620 Bdwy (247-1633). *The Cat From Outer Space.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). *Jaws II.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). *Jaws II.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 7/11, *Thank God It's Friday.* From 7/12, *House Calls.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Replay.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 7/11, *Coming Home.* 7/12-18, *High Anxiety.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Dear Inspector.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 7/11, *Breathless; My Life to Live.* 7/12, 13, *The Bitter Tea of General Yen; A Hole in the Head.* 7/14, 15, *Baby Doll; A Face in the Crowd.* 7/16, 17, *Henry V.* 7/18, *Pumping Iron; On Any Sunday.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 7/11, *The Divorcee; Strange Interlude.* 7/12, *The Gang's All Here; Weekend in Havana.* 7/13, *Creature From the Black Lagoon; It Came From Outer Space.* 7/14, *The Lodger; Hangover Square.* 7/15, 16, *The King and I; Anastasia.* 7/17, *When Worlds Collide; The Day the Earth Stood Still.* 7/18, *Manhattan Melodrama; A Free Soul.*

34th St East, near Second Avenue (683-0255). Thru 7/13, *Damien-Omen II.* From 7/14, to be announced.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *The End.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *House Calls.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Cat From Outer Space.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Pretty Baby.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *The Last Waltz.*

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Cat and Mouse–Claude Lelouch's playful mock-thriller stars Serge Reggiani as the cop/cat and Michele Morgan as the exquisitely magisterial mouse and Paris *et environs* (as the Michelin says) as the playpen in which these two enact one of those ultra-sophisticated duets in which love and money are entwined to the detriment of neither. Cinema I.

The Cat From Outer Space–Ken Berry, Sandy Duncan, and McLean Stevenson play a group of scientists in a cosmic comedy about an extraterrestrial feline who crashlands on earth. U.A. East.

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie–This late Bunuel film is, like all of late Bunuel, tired, self-indulgent stuff, epigonous surrealism at its worst. Shapeless and incomprehensible plot, dialogue vainly striving to be clever, tiresome performances by competent actors. Got enthusiastic critical reception—truly the Emperor's new clothes. 7/12, 13, Cinema Village.

The Cheap Detective–Neil Simon's comedy starring Peter Falk is not so much written for the screen as

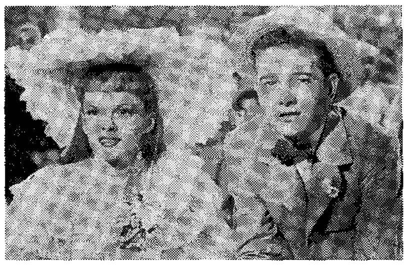
Illustrated by Heather Taylor

assembled from old-movie cliches patched up and fitted to a new line of stars. It is a very funny idea, but somehow it could have been even funnier—if Simon had been willing to develop the relationships of Peter Falk and Louise Fletcher as a vehicle for more of the personal, slightly bitter sexual humor that provides the film with its funniest and most resonant moments. Coronet; Little Carnegie.

Coming Home–Jane Fonda and Jon Voight are wonderfully sexy in this love story between a paraplegic veteran and a woman whose husband is off in Vietnam, and there are moments between them that take your breath away. But when they trade each other in for halos and open their arms to returning vets, Hal Ashby's film turns into a soft-headed encounter session on Vietnam that is true to neither individual nor political realities. Art; Olympia; thru 7/11, St Marks Cinema.

Convoy–HBO or Home Box Office would be the appropriate rating for Sam Peckinpah's latest. The small screen could hardly damage, and might improve, this absurdly grandiose tribute to the noble trucker. In expanding a nice country ballad into a two-hour paean to macho camaraderie, Peckinpah finally goes over the edge into the self-parody that has been nagging at his heels in his last several movies. 86th St E; Greenwich; Gemini II.

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG



Judy Garland and **Tom Drake** star in **Meet Me in St Louis,** which shares the bill at the Regency Theatre, Broadway at 67th with another Judy Garland film, *The Harvey Girls,* co-starring Angela Lansbury. July 16-18.

Damien-Omen II–William Holden and Lee Grant star, and Jonathan Scott-Taylor is introduced as the Antichrist Child, now in his teens. Directed by Don Taylor, the film features Lew Ayres and Sylvia Sidney. 34th Street East, and Loews Cine.

Dear Inspector–Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret are irresistible as a police commissioner and a Sorbonne professor who fall in love, but this is despite the viscously cute format of Philippe de Broca's boulevard farce. Sutton.

A Different Story–The old gay meets gal, gay and gal become roommates (gal is lesbian) story given a surprisingly fresh face by the empathetic acting of Meg Foster and Perry King. But when the sparkle of friendship surrenders to the steam of sex, the film goes rapidly downhill and finally derails. First film by director Paul Aaron. Thru 7/13, Baronet.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Cinema II.

The End–This comedy about a dying man doesn't establish Burt Reynolds who stars and directs as the rival of Mel Brooks or Woody Allen, but it is a respectable miss. Its boners *seem* more egregious because of the hyperkinetic behavior of Reynolds's California Sonny, and Reynolds's failure as director to find and maintain the proper tone. Dom DeLuise and Robby Benson are hilarious in supporting roles. Trans-Lux East.

Faces of Love–Michel Soutter's new Swiss film about three actresses and their relationship with a film director while shooting on location a film of Chekhov's *Three Sisters.* It stars Jean-Louis Trintignant, Delphine Seyrig, Lea Massari, and Valerie Mairesse. Cinema Studio.

Grease–As the nerve center of the revival craze, *Grease* has been hyped so continuously that the movie version seems like one more promotional party. It is well to have Stockard Channing and John Travolta who can impose their personal rhythm on the chaotic and potentially embarrassing proceedings. Film abounds in the presence of veterans like Eve Arden, Frankie Avalon, Sid Caesar, Joan Blondell, and Dody Goodman. Edd Byrnes is hilarious as a TV host who delights in his fox-in-the-chicken-coop position. Randal Kleiser directed. Loews Orpheum; Bay Cinema; Loews State I.

Harry and Tonto–Paul Mazursky's film is unbearably cute, especially when it labors under delusions of profundity. It concerns a senior citizen (lifelessly played by Art Carney) evicted from his New York digs and unwanted by his suburban daughter-in-law who treks to Chicago and a daughter whom he doesn't want, then to Los Angeles, where he has a universally unwanted son but also much wanted sunshine. This supposedly picaresque cross-country trip contains almost unprecedentedly pretentious, preposterous or just plain stupid claptrap, and it is a measure of the film's ineptitude that even the remarkable Ellen Burstyn gets lost in its shuffle. Among some repellent supporting players, Tonto, the cat, stands out—partly because Mazursky was unable to think up cutenesses for him. 7/18, Cinema Village.

Heaven Can Wait–Warren Beatty, as a star quarterback, isn't meant to die in a near-fatal accident, but a heavenly functionary plucks him to paradise prematurely. He is then permitted to return to earth in the body of another. Beatty's version of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* tries more for comedy than poignancy, and with Elaine May and Buck Henry sharing credits, the film ought to have been at least 50 per cent funnier. Loews State II; Loews Tower East.

House Calls–Howard Zieff's furious and funny comedy is a middle-aged romance starring Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson as the cautious, one-step-at-a-time lovers. Matthau and Jackson have never been more charming. They bring out in each other a quality of shy vulnerability that is downright erotic. Art Carney is hilarious as the beacon of incompetence of a Los Angeles hospital that is a monument to malpractice. Embassy 72nd; 7/12-18, St Marks Cinema and 72nd St E; Trans-Lux 85th.

Jaws II–Roy Scheider stars in a sequel to you-know-what. Is *Jaws II* as scary as its predecessor? Yes, possibly more so, depending on which form of torture you prefer. If you prefer violence relatively impersonal, of the hit-and-run variety, *Jaws II* is your poison. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. RKO Cinerama I & II; RKO 86th St I & II; Murray Hill; D.W. Griffith.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento,* Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Thru 7/11, Gramercy.

The Lacemaker–Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton star in Claude *(The Invitation* and *The Wonderful Crook)* Goretta's film which tells of a 19-year-old beauty parlor assistant, who, while vacationing, falls in love with a university student. Quad.

The Last Remake of Beau Geste–There is something mildly repulsive about the idea of parodying *Beau Geste,* either the novel by Wren or the movie by Wellman. Marty Feldman's film is very much a graduation piece from the Mel Brooks school of farce. In this version we have Feldman and Michael York as identical twins, orphans whom Trevor Howard, lord of Geste Manor, adopts and names Beau and Digby. The result is mirthless straining. Embassy 72nd.

The Last Waltz–Martin Scorsese's elegiac tribute to The Band is the most beautiful rock concert film ever made, but its vibrant colors and swooping camera movements are curiously at odds with the sweaty immediacy of the rock concert. Stars The Band-leader Robbie Robertson with his musicians, and Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, et al. Ziegfeld.

Let's Face It, C'est la vie–Directed by Samy Pavel, film stars Neils Arestrup, Martine Kelly, and Richard Leduc, and tells the story of two male lovers whose lives are invaded by a woman. Opens July 14th at the Festival.

Madame Rosa–This Oscar-winning fable about the rapport that develops between a dying Jewish ex-prostitute and an Arab orphan is a fantasy of Arab-Israeli old-young togetherness. But even as it strains credibility it breaks the heart, particularly Simone Signoret's breathtakingly courageous performance of a once-beautiful, now old and puffy whore. Plaza.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanized (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. From 7/12, Gramercy.

Matilda–Elliot Gould, Robert Mitchum, Clive Revill, Harry Guardino, and Karen Carlson are in the cast of a comedy celebrating the misadventures of a boxing kangaroo. Daniel Mann directed. Radio City Music Hall.

Pretty Baby–Louis Malle's tastefully composed film about a child prostitute is more a study in decadence than a drama of innocence corrupted. As a product of the bordello world conjured up in Polly Platt's screenplay and Sven Nykvist's lustrous cinematography, the 12-year-old played with all-knowing sophistication by Brooke Shields is never innocent enough to be violated, or yearning enough to be pitied. New Yorker; Waverly; thru 7/13, Festival.

Replay–Michel Drach's romantic thriller about an amnesiac victim of an automobile accident and her seemingly devoted husband. As he attempts to help her reconstruct the details of her life, and their marriage, she becomes increasingly aware of half truths and deliberate deceptions. Marie Jose Nat and Victor Lanoux star. 68th St Playhouse.

Servant and Mistress–Inside this film, there's a funny little one dying to get out, but there's little room for humor in this drama of depravity about a servant (Andrea Ferreol) left everything by her rich employer, who then lords it over the disinherited nephew (Victor Lanoux), forcing him to pay for his past liberties with ever greater lessons in servitude. The plot is absurd on the face of it, but the actors themselves are mesmerizing. Eastside.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001.* But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza.

The Swarm–Billions of killer bees invade the United States in this Irwin Allen production. The film stars Michael Caine, Katherine Ross, Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, Olivia de Havilland, and others. Opens 7/14, Quad.

Three Women–This is Robert Altman's third dream film, and, like *Images* and *Brewster McCloud,* alternates uneasily between not very real reality and not particularly imaginative fantasy. A very superficial girl and an almost blank young woman keep exchanging personalities, and finally absorb a third, even more nebulous older woman, into a peculiar menage. The minor characters are even more shadowy, and the plot lacks credibility as a human document, and resonance as a dream. Excellent performances by Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek; competent cinematography by Chuck Rosher, absurd paintings and music by Bodhi Wind and Gerald Busby, respectively. From 7/12, Art.

The Turning Point–Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. 7/16, 17, Cinema Village; from 7/12, Art.

An Unmarried Woman–Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Beekman; Paramount; Cinema III.

Viva Italia!–Sardonic black comedy seen through the lenses of three Italian film directors—Mario Monicelli, Dino Risi, and Ettore Scola. In the cast are Vittorio Gassman, Alberto Sordi, Ugo Tognazzi, and Ornella Muti. Paris.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

CURRENT

Ain't Misbehavin'–Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance, under the guidance of Murray Horwitz and Richard Maltby jr. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a diminutive bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. At the Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Da–On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (246-6699).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5; Sun at 2 p.m. Booth, 222 W 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols. With Jessica Tandy and E.G. Marshall. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8. mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Hello, Dolly!–A show of questionable value has been revived with all the reverence of a museum piece. The excellent plot survives in Michael Stewart's book; Jerry Herman's score has a kind of hearty, community-sing artlessness. Some performances quicken the old pulse. Carol Channing still croons so penetratingly that the electronic amplification is quite unnecessary. And she is a real trooper who never steals a scene; of all our *monstres sacrés*, she may be the best behaved. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lunt/Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/31. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed, Thurs, Fri & Sat at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; mat Wed at 2. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

Once in a Lifetime–This George S. Kaufman/Moss Hart revival has no more than five or six honest laughs. It involves a New York playwright having a nervous breakdown in Hollywood from underwork. The rest is just shabby one-upmanship, or half-upmanship, middlebrows winking at one another across the footlights. The best work in the large cast comes from John Lithgow as the simpleton who, in Hollywood, is crowned philosopher-king. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 8/27. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Runaways–A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Charles Kimbrough. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Ambassador, 49th St W of Bdway (541-6490).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet*, which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Melba Moore would be charming if she were not over directed; Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

Tribute–Bernard Slade's new play starring Jack Lemmon is extremely clever and likable, which is as unusual a combination in plays as it is in people. A play that mixes laughter and tears with almost supernatural skill, always sidestepping ultimate frivolity, always teetering back from the abyss of mawkishness into the happy pratfall of farce, that takes the sting out of adultery, divorce, prostitution, failure in business, nonachievement of artistic aspirations, family in-fighting, and, best of all, death itself, is the most comforting news this side of a cure for cancer. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

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AROUND TOWN

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory–Stoppard's *The Real Inspector Hound,* thru 7/23. Tim Kelly's *Frankenstein,* thru 7/23, Knott's *Dial M for Murder,* thru 7/27. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

All's Well That Ends Well–First of the Shakespeare-in-the-park season. Directed by Wilford Leach, Shakespeare's comedy features Mark Linn Baker, Remak Ramsay, Pamela Reed, Deborah Rush, Barbara Williams, and Elizabeth Wilson. Delacorte Theater in Central Park. Tues thru Sun at 8. Free, but come early for tickets (535-5630).

Baal–Bertolt Brecht's first play. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m.; thru 7/23. $3. Random Theater, 124 E 12th St. (541-7600).

Catsplay–Istvan Orkeny's play is artistically accomplished, meltingly humane, and cries out for the biggest and best exposure. It is the best new play of the season, wonderfully old-fashioned and deals with such antique commodities as sympathy for all its characters, and is about life that refuses to capitulate to any sort of betrayal—by friends, family, lovers, or even common sense. The acting is excellent for the most part, and Lynne Meadow has directed with economy and purposefulness in John Lee Beatty's modest but apt set. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade, Bdway at 76th (799-7690).

Crimes Against Nature–New play in which nine gay male performers each relates his story of how he has survived in an oppressive society. Tues thru Thurs at 10; Fri & Sat at 8 & 10; Sun at 8 p.m. Actors Plyhse, Seventh Ave So at Sheridan Sq (989-6311).

Cromwell–David Storey's play. 7/11-23, Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m., Sun at 2:30 p.m. AMDA Studio One, 73rd & Broadway (JU 2-4240).

The Disposal–William Inge's play, directed by Ann Raychel. Nightly thru 7/18. $3.50. INTAR, 420 W 42nd (695-6134).

Drama Committee Repertory–GBS's *Man of Destiny,* Wed & Thurs at 8; Sun at 2:30, thru 7/27. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

A Family Blanket–Carolyn Pines's play, directed by Alan Dibona. 7/13, 14 at 8:00 p.m. $2.50. Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

Family Business–Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The 5th of July–Lanford Wilson writes intelligent, amusing, racy dialogue, but this play lacks a little urgency although it is never uninteresting. It is accorded a fine production, under Marshall W. Mason's skilled direction, which errs only in trying to be too fast, too manifold, too clever. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Thru 9/2. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

The Flowering Peach–A revival of Clifford Odets's allegorical work about Noah and the flood. Directed by Stephen Zuckerman. Presented by The Jewish Theatre Collective of the American Jewish Congress CETA Artists Project. July 15-30. Sun 8 p.m.; Mon, Tues, & Thurs at 9 p.m.; Sat at 9:45 p.m. All performances free. St Clement's, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

The Flying Man and Others–H.G. Wells's stories, directed by Bill Rennie. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 5 p.m. thru 7/23. $3. NY Theater Ensemble, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

Frankenstein–Dramatized by Tim Kelly from the classic by Mary Shelley, directed by Roy Doliner. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30 p.m. Fri thru Sat at 9:30 p.m. thru 7/23. $4. Academy Arts Theatre, 330 E 56 St (763-8183).

Godspell–A revival of the award-winning musical, with songs by Stephen Schwartz, and directed by Michael Pappalardo. Thurs thru Sun, thru 7/16, eve at 7 p.m.; Sat mat at 1 p.m. $6.50. Foundation Faith Auditorium, 1147 1st Ave at 63rd (354-5834).

Heartaches–James Bierman's play, directed by Douglas Johnson. 7/11-16, at 8 p.m. The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road–This new work by Gretchen Cryer (book, lyrics, and star) and Nancy Ford (music) about a middle aged pop singer trying to carry on her life after her manager/lover leaves her is too slight, schematic, and unoriginal to be a significant statement about human conflicts. There is a reason, nonetheless, for seeing the show: Gretchen Cryer. She is a bundle of solace, a staged lesson in growing older and living on, and it is to be recommended that you memorize her. Thru 7/23. Public/Anspacher Theatre, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

International Stud–Harvey Fierstein's play about a Brooklyn Jewish boy who makes his living as a drag performer and stud. Tues thru Thrus at 8; Fri & Sat at 8 & 10:30; Sun at 8. Players Theater, 115 MacDougal (254-5076).

Just the Immediate Family–Play by Grace Kimmins, directed by Richard Russell Ramos. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3. $6. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (242-2695).

A Little Wine With Lunch–Comedy revue by John Von Hartz, with music by William Shimmel, directed by Norman Marshall. Thurs thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m., thru 9/3. No Smoking Plyhse, 354 W 45th (245-9808).

Man-Wo-Man–Ed Bullins's *Michael,* and Neil Harris's *Passion Without Reason.* Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Free. Thru 7/16. Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Mary Rose–Sir James M. Barrie's ghost story, directed by Larry Carpenter. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. $4. Lion Theatre, 422 W 42nd (947-4224).

Mermaids–Deborah Fortson directed this play about women growing up. Thru 7/16, Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50. Theatre for the New City, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Papa Bear, Mama Bear–Writer/director Rand Hopkins's new musical about the growing pains of three families. 7/18-8/9, evenings at 7:30; mats at 3, each Wed & Sat. Perry St Theatre, 31 Perry St (255-9186).

The Passion of Dracula–Stefan Schnabel in a totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

People in the Wind–William Inge's one-act play that later became *Bus Stop.* From noon to 1 p.m. 7/10-14, 17-21. $1. 1:15 p.m. Bring your lunch. Mezzanine, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

Piano Bar–A new-style musical by Rob Fremont and Doris Willens, directed by Albert Takazuckas, about four people who take refuge in a lounge on a rainy evening. Chelsea/Westside Theater/Upstairs, 407 W 43 (541-8394).

Pins and Needles–Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the ILGWA, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330).

Royal Court Repertory–*It's Too Hot in July and Other Adult Fables,* by Henri, Hart, Kranish and Wahl, 7/11-13, at 8 p.m. Milli Janz's *An Evening with George Sand,* 7/11-13, at 6:30 p.m. Toby Handman's *Housewife Ad Nauseum,* 7/13, at 10:30 p.m. Royal Court, 301 W 55th (997-9582).

The Show Off–George Kelly's 1920s comedy, starring Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles. Tues thru Sat at

8; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 7/16. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Spanish Theater Repertory–Plays by Lorca, Carballido, Raznovich; Calderon, and Lope de Vega, in Spanish in rotating repertory. Thru July. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates and time call 889-2850.

Spring Awakening–An adaptation by Edward Bond of Wedekind's play written in 1891. Directed by Liviu Ciulei. Thru 7/23 at 8:00 p.m.; mat Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)

Street Corner Time–A new musical starring Rhetta Hughes. From 7/7. Grand Finale II, 210 W 70th St. (595-9052, 759-3033).

Taudshow–A play for one actor from the life and work of Antonin Artaud, starring Jerry Mayer, directed by John Pynchon Holms. Tues, Wed, Thurs, at 8 p.m. $3. Little Theater, 425 Lafayette (677-6350).

The Tooth of Crime–Sam Shepard's play with full rock and roll score written by the playwright. Thru 7/24, Thurs thru Sat at 11 p.m., Mon at 8 p.m. Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

Three By Two–A showcase for two actors written and directed by Tom Millott, stars Robert Arpin, Bud Graves, and Richard Shoberg. Thurs thru Mon at 8; late shows Fri & Sat at 10:30; mat Sun at 5:30. Cubiculo Theatre, 414 West 51st St (265-2138).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.)*, but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Which Way to Nirvana?–Written and directed by Pascal Vaquer. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. The Play Factor, 692 Greenwich St (243-3035).

Wilma Project Repertory–*Lives of the Saints*, by Barbara Duffy, 7/3-6, 10-13, at 10 p.m. Mon thru Thurs. Gary Grissom's *I Was Thinking and So Bored with the U.S. of A.*, 7/14-16 at 10 p.m.; Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. The Performing Garage, 33-35 Wooster St (966-3651).

A Women of No Importance–Oscar Wilde's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 9/10. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Arthur's–44 W 56th. Continental cuisine, showcase Tues & Wed. Other nights singing waiters and waitresses (581-9765).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

Brandy's II–84th & York. Supper club of wood, brick, and Commodore Hotel fixtures. Touch dancing nightly to the music of the Nora and Norma trio thru 7/29 (879-5299).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Spanish revue, "Latinisima," Tues thru Fri, 9:30 & midnight, thru 7/16. Sat has three shows. 7/20-8/16, a new revue featuring Marlene Saamer, bongo and conga man Candido, and the dance team of Augie and Margo (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a new revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club with a revue reminiscent of the 30s. 7/12-24, Slappy White. Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44th. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Thru 7/29, singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio; thru 7/30, Kitt and Mike Moran, nightly except Sunday at 10, midnight & 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Fri & Sat, thru September, dancing, cheek-to-cheek, to the Randy Corts Combo from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59. Entertainment, dining, and dancing. Thru 7/15, jazz singer Dakota Staton in Lainie's Room. 7/17-22, Joe Pass. 7/24-29, Maxine Weldon. 7/31-8/12, Roslyn Kind (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. *Viva! Viva!* a new revue with seven chorus girls and five chorus boys, directed by Peter Jackson. (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Lee Castle and his Jimmy Dorsey orchestra play for dancing (except on Mondays), thru 7/23 (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Le Refuge–309 E 83rd. Charming French dining place with live baroque guitar and harp music, Mon, Tues & Thurs, from 7:30 p.m. (UN 1-4505).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th. Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open for dancing Wed and Fri, from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30. American and Latin bands. Midnight disco Wed, Fri, Sat. Dance class & show Wed night (Cl 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Thru 7/22, Hi Lads and A Lass entertain three times nightly. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor (421-0900).

Sibi–151 E 50th. Nice warm upstairs dancing den, with Pianist-singer Bobby Cole and his jazz quartet, every night but Sunday from 9 p.m. (753-3429).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub starring Aris San, a disco dance band, The Siroquettes (a chorus line!), & other ethnic entertainment. Closed Mondays (683-9409).

Stork Club–112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. The Irving Fields Trio supplies dance music Mon thru Fri 8 til midnight. Sat til 1 a.m. (581-7080).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, Madison at 43rd (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Singer-pianist Theresa Kelly here for four weeks, Mon thru Fri, 7 to midnight.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Bobby Short is here with Beverly Peer on bass, and Gene Gammage on drums, thru 7/15; 7/16-8/31, Monty Alexander, Jamaican-born pianist, plays Sun thru Thurs.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** Thru Labor Day, Tony Gorody plays the piano and sings Tues thru Sat 9:30-12:30.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherland, 5th Ave and 59th St (EL 5-2800). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Earl Rose plays from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Wednesdays through Fridays.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Thurs 5:30-8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist John Bunch, 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Fri & Sat, 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

UN Plaza, 44th & First Ave (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge:** Greenhouse with muted lights is the setting for Dick Hankinson at the piano, Mon thru Fri. Earl Rose, Sat & Sun, from 5 to midnight.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. Trumpeter Ahmed Abdullah has a sharp, acidic sound and a punching energy that centers his fine sextet, appearing thru 7/15. Ted Daniel has the big band on Monday nights (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Ballroom–458 West Bdway. 7/11-29, composer/lyricist George David Weiss nightly at 8:30 p.m. with back-up singers and band. At 10:30 p.m., "The Late Show" (473-9367).

Barbara's–78 West 3rd St. 7/14, 15, the Jim Lovelace Quartet featuring trumpeter Jack Walrath (formerly with Charlie Mingus). 7/21, 22, the Pete Yellen Quartet, music starts at 10 p.m. (473-9326).

Beefsteak Charlie's Jazz Emporium–12th Street & 5th Ave. Thru 7/11, Nina Sheldon Trio, with Jeremy Steig. 7/12-15, Lyle Atkinson Quartet. 7/19-22, Frank Tusa group (687-4720).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Hiroko Kondo plays pop organ in the bar, Wed thru Sat, in an authentic Japanese inn setting (682-7120).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th. 7/11, 12, John Prine. 7/14-15 Helen Schneider and the improvisational-comedy duo, Monteith & Rand (228-6300).

Bradley's–70 University Pl. Bob Dorough, a tasty pianist and a singer with a pleasantly nasal country-

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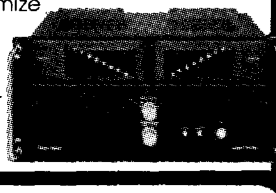

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ish twang, performs an odd selection of originals, as well as jazz, pop, and folk pieces, with bassist Bill Takas, thru 7/15. 7/17-22, pianist John Bunch and bassist Sam Jones entertain (473-9700).

Cafe Fanny–Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. Gale and Prudence Curtis perform Mon thru Fri at this 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight always (687-7115).

Carnegie Tavern–165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins, known for his crystal touch, lilting swing, enormous repertoire, and short sets, is well worth hearing. 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Stan Facey entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The city's bastion of traditional jazz boasts a house band led by club-owner Red Balaban, and includes the patriarch of jazz trombone, Vic Dickenson. On Sundays, a young tenor saxophonist named Scott Hamilton leads his own band and does very nicely by the Ben Webster-Don Byas tradition (265-8277).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Joe Turner, the last of the stride pianists and a long time citizen of France, is making one of his exceedingly rare and joyful appearances in this country, until further notice. Mon thru Thurs at 8:30 & 10:30 and Fri & Sat at 12:15 a.m. (OR 4-4450).

Coriander–314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Ernie Furtado (794-2700).

SCOTT ON THE TENOR SAX

Scott Hamilton and his trio are the July attraction at **Crawdaddy's**, New York's New Orleans restaurant at 45th Street and Vanderbilt Avenue. Monday through Friday evenings from 6:30 to 11:30 p.m. For reservations call 687-1860.

Le Farfalle–209 W 48th. Split-level disco with large dance floors and extra special effects. Wed thru Sun from 10 p.m. to 7 a.m. (582-0352).

Fortune Garden–1160 Third at 67th. Chinese restaurant-club with Hungarian-born pianist, John Kuna, mixing a czardas beat with his popular melodies, thru 7/22, Mon thru Fri 5-9 p.m. and Sat 5-7 p.m. (744-1212).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon and Tues, Al Haig, a superior pianist who was a favorite accompanist of Charlie Parker and Stan Getz, leads a trio with bass and guitar. Another piano-bass guitar trio, led by Hod O'Brian and featuring the marvelously fluent guitarist Joe Puma takes over Wed thru Sun (371-2220).

Hopper's–6th Ave. at 11th St. Bob Brookmeyer and group, 9:30 p.m. and 11:30 p.m., Mon thru Sat; 1 a.m. shows Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Irish Pavilion–130 E 57th. Pat Conway trio with Pat Mahon on accordion and Pete Cannata on bass guitar playing and singing country, Irish, light rock (759-9041).

Jazzmania Society–14 E 23rd. The jamming here is informal and swinging, the atmosphere unbeatable (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30-8 on Fridays (664-9700).

Los Madriles–236 W 52nd. Spanish food and Roberto Lozano who plays the synthesizer and sings Fri thru Sun 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Guitarist-singer Luis Meyers here Fri & Sat from 6 to 9 p.m. (582-3193).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub–Jonathan Schwartz, the son of composer Arthur Schwartz, sings the composer's songs Tues thru Sat, showing how sometimes the sins of the son are visited on the father. Mon, Woody Allen indulges in wish fulfillment and Dixieland clarinet (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Tues, Wed, Thurs & Sat, 6 to 11. Mon & Fri evenings singer-pianist Elaine Francis (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. 7/10, 11, Steel Angel. 7/12-15, Hank B. Show. 7/14, George Hamilton IV. 7/16, 17, Tasty Licks. 7/18-20, Skeeter Starke Band (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E. 48th. Supper club with split level room for dancing. The Art Syms band and pianist-singer Baba Motta perform from 7:30 on every night but Sunday (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. 7/13-15, Poussette-Dart. 7/26, 27, Vassar Clements (573-7030).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

The Priory–224 E 53rd. Early American decor and food, plus the singer-pianist Don Tabor nightly except Sun, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (753-1090).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers. Fri & Sat, and music for dancing (581-1170).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mon & Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fri, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. 7/11-16, the great Anita O'Day, a fast, throaty, decidely individualistic singer will test the waters with a trio, nightly at 9 & 11:30 p.m. Tues thru Sun, 7/18-23, Maxine Sullivan. 7/25-30, Helen Humes (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. Art Farmer, one of the best equipped and most lyrical-minded of contemporary brass players, will play flugelhorn and trumpet with a quartet 7/11-16, 18-23 (242-1785).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Diana Macris. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Top of the Gate–Bleeker at Thompson. Solid entertainment, with performances from 10:30 p.m. til 3 a.m. Excellent food and drink (GR 5-5120).

Le Vert-Galant–109 W 46th. Maurice's handsome French place, convenient for excellent dining in the theater district; Marcy Morton sings in the lounge, and there is piano entertainment nightly. Closed Sunday (JU 2-7989).

Village Gate–160 Bleecker. Richiardi and his "Incredible World of Magic and Illusion," with five other magicians. (473-7270).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. Thru 7/16, the excellent alto saxophonist Sonny Fortune will wrap his sinuous Coltraneish melodies around his driving quintet. 7/17, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Big Band. 7/18-23, the Kenny Burrell trio (AL 5-4037).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

AROUND TOWN

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
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Special Events

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Big Apple Circus, Big Apple Park, Eighth Ave. at 60th St. (581-9186). A one-ring tent circus, featuring acrobats, trapeze artists, clowns, and gymnasts; Wed at 11:15 & 2:15, Thurs-Sat at 2:15 & 7:30, and Sun at 1 & 4.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Tues at 8, Wed-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2.

Concerts

Tuesday, July 11

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Bronx Park East, at Lydig Ave. (682-6567), at 8.

Phil Bennett Society Orchestra/Linea Dance Co., Fort Tryon Park Playground, Bdwy at Dyckman St. (360-8294), at 7.

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park, Princess Bay, Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Wednesday, July 12

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (838-7262). Ainslee Cox conducts, with Vincent Didea, cornet. Works by Goldman, Valenti, Rodgers, Milhaud, Sousa, other, at 8.

L'Arema Chamber Ensemble, Whitney Museum (794-0600), at 7.

Atlanta Rhythm Section/Aztec Two Step, Wollman Theater, at 6:30.

Lee Castle & Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra, Channel Gardens, Fifth Ave. between 49th & 50th Sts. (582-2424), at 4:30.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Seaside Park, Sea Breeze Ave. at W 5th St., Bklyn (682-6567). Julius Grossman conducts, with Karen Eley, violin. Works by Tchaikovsky and Brahms, at 8.

Summer Sings: Village Singers, NYU Catholic Center, 58 Washington Sq. South (254-9703), at 7:30.

Thursday, July 13

Redd Foxx, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Goldman Band, Christopher Morley Park in Roslyn (838-7262). Richard Franko Goldman conducts works by Massenet, Halevy, Auber, Ravel, Offenbach, Gounod, and Berlioz, at 8.

Mitchell Korn, guitar, Whitney Museum (794-0600), 7.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Van Etten Drug Center, Morris Park & Seminole Ave., Bronx (784-3812), at 12:30.

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park, Princess Bay, Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Jazzmobile Jazz Band, Bethune Houses Courtyard, Amsterdam Ave. at W 157th St. (360-8294), at 7.

Friday, July 14

GARDEN PARTY

This weekend's attraction at the Museum of Modern Art's Summergarden is the **New York Saxophone Quartet** (Ray Beckenstein, Dennis Anderson, William Kerr, and Walter Kane). The group will play the music of classical, jazz, pop, and contemporary composers on Friday and Saturday at 8. At 8 W 54th St. (956-7298).

Sol Yaged, jazz, Cassidy's, 303 E 53rd St. (755-8050), at noon.

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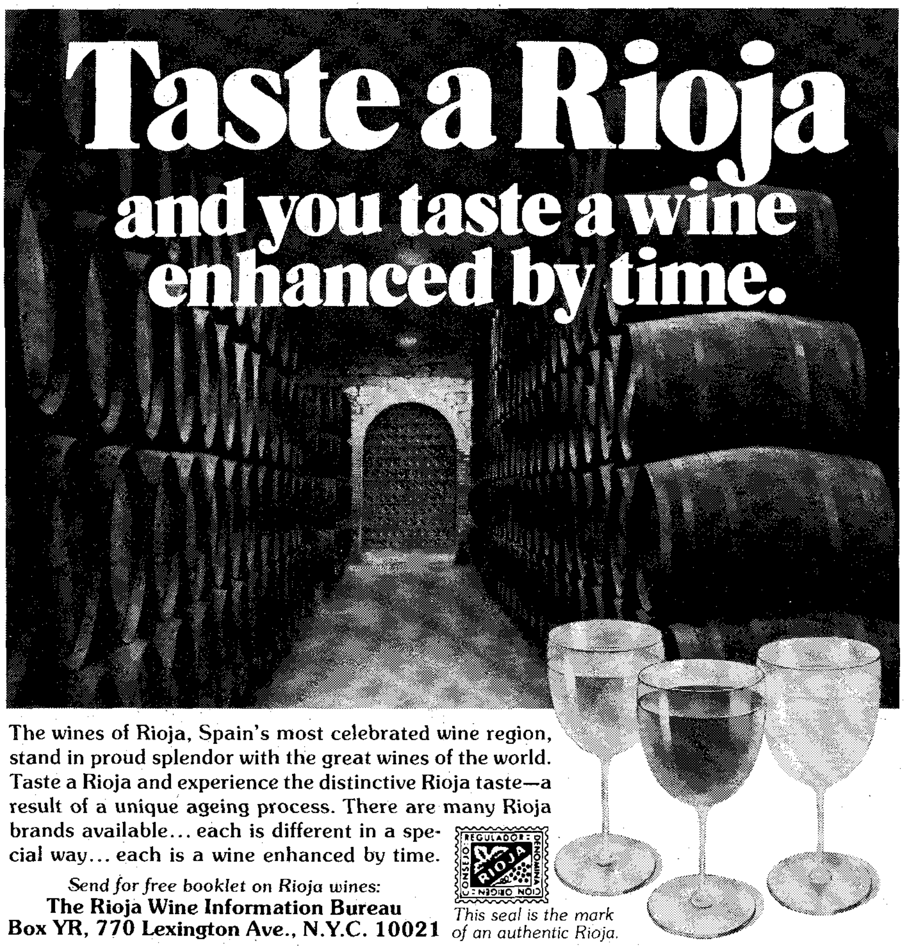
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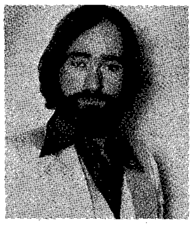
AROUND TOWN

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (838-7262). Same program as July 13, at 8.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Kissena Park, Oak Ave. at 164th St., Queens (682-6567). Same program as July 12, at 8.

X Seamens Institute, South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. (766-9066), at 7:30.

MUSIC IN THE PARK



Dave Mason, (left), man of many talents, will perform at the Wollman Theater in Central Park (Fifth Avenue at 59th Street) this weekend as part of the summer's ongoing music festival. Appearing with him will be Pablo Cruise. Friday and Saturday at 6:30 (249-8870).

Saturday, July 15

Goldman Band, Seaside Park, Ocean Parkway at Sea Breeze Ave., Bklyn (838-7262). Same program as July 13, at 8.

New York Saxophone Quartet, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Riverside Park (784-3812), at 1:30.

David Soul, Westbury Music Fair, at 7 & 10:30.

Judy Gorman-Jacobs, folk & blues, South Street Seaport Pier 15, South St. at East River (766-9020), at 7:30.

Dave Mason & Pablo Cruise, Wollman Theater, at 6:30.

Sunday, July 16

Arline Carmen Kempner, alto, Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (838-7262). Richard Franko Goldman conducts, with Ralph Schwartz, trumpet. Works of Strauss, Schubert, Suppe, Léhar, and Hummel, at 8.

Blue Oyster Cult/British Lions, Jones Beach Theater in Wantagh (516-221-1000), at 8.

David Soul, Westbury Music Fair, at 2 & 6.

Monday, July 17

SUMMER PLEASURE

The twelfth annual Mostly Mozart Festival opens on Monday, July 17 at 8 in Avery Fisher Hall. Violinist **Pinchas Zukerman** (left) will conduct the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program which features soprano **Judith Blegen** (right) and pianist Emanuel Ax. There is a pre-concert recital at 7. The festival runs thru August 26 (874-2424).

Arlo Guthrie/Shenandoah, Wollman Theater, at 6:30.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Dreiser Community Center, 177 Dreiser Loop, Co-Op City, Bronx (682-6567). Same program as July 12, at 8.

Robert Robertiello, baritone, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491); songs and arias by Handel, Schubert, Verdi, and Ravel, at 8.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Union Square Park, Bdwy at 17th St. (784-3812), at 1.

Tuesday, July 18

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Pinchas Zukerman, viola and violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Emanuel Ax, piano; and Carlos Bonell, JETS

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guitar. Works of Mozart, Bach, Kreutzer, and Giuliani, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Juice Quartet, jazz, Baychester Diagnostic Center, 1250 E 229th St., Bronx (784-3812), at 7.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Bronx Park East at Lydig Ave. (682-6567). Same program as July 12, at 8.

Orchestra of New York, Fort Tryon Park Playground, Bdwy at Dyckman St. (360-8294), at 7.

Washington Square Music Festival, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (473-8321); with Johannes Somary, conductor; Frank Smith, organ; Dilys Smith, soprano; and the Horace Mann Chorus, at 8.

Opera

D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

PEER AND THE PERIS

The **D'Oyly Carte Opera Company,** celebrating 103 years of presenting the finest of Gilbert and Sullivan, comes to New York on July 17 for ten performances at the State Theater. The highlight of the engagement will be the Silver Jubilee production of *Iolanthe.* Pictured above, in a scene from this work, are Patricia Anne Bennett, Lorraine Dulcie Daniels, Patricia Leonard, John Reed, and Suzanne O'Keeffe (877-4727).

Mon, 7/17 at 7:30: *Iolanthe.* Tues, 7/18 at 7:30: *The Mikado.*

OTHER

A 'MODISTE' PROPOSAL

Georgia McEver (center) sings the title role in the Light Opera of Manhattan's production of *Mlle. Modiste* at the Eastside Playhouse (334 East 74th Street). The cast also includes Raymond Allen, Jeanne Beauvais, and Gary Ridley. The schedule of performances is as follows: 7/12 at 2 & 8:30, 7/13-14 at 8:30, 7/15 at 4 & 8:30, and 7/16 at 4 (535-6310).

Dance

BERLIN OPERA BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 7/11 & Wed, 7/12 at 8: *Cinderella.* Thurs, 7/13 at 7: *Rite of Spring; Adagio Hammerklavier; Daphnis and Chloe;* pas de deux; *Bolero.* Fri, 7/14 at 8: Same program as 7/13. Sat, 7/15 at 2 & 8: Same program as 7/13. Sun, 7/16 at 3: *Giselle.* Sun, 7/16 at 8: Same program as 7/13.

PERFORMING ARTS ENSEMBLE OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

FIRST TIME HERE

Summerdance, the Metropolitan Opera's season of international dance, continues this week with the engagement of the **Performing Arts Company of the People's Republic of China.** The troupe is comprised of over 150 artists and is making its first American appearance. July 11 thru 15 (580-9830).

Tues, 7/11 & Wed, 7/12 at 8: *Lotus Dance; Suona Solo; Laundry Song; Soprano Solo; San Cha Kou; Pipa Solo; Red Silk Dance; Red Detachment of Women; Chinese National Instrumental Music; Bowl Dance; Piano Solo; Monkey Makes Havoc in Heaven.* Thurs, 7/13 & Fri, 7/14 at 8: *Peacock Dance; Chinese National Instrumental Music; Long Drum Dance; Soprano Solo; Autumn River; Erhu Solo; Militiawomen of the Grasslands; White-Haired Girl; Tenor Solo; Picking Grapes; Bamboo Flute; Bow Dance; Ching Solo; Yentang Mountain.* Sat, 7/15 at 2: Same program as 7/11. Sat, 7/15 at 8: Same program as 7/13.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET
WITH RUDOLF NUREYEV
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 7/18 at 7:30: *Romeo and Juliet.*

OTHER

Clark Center Dance Festival, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (246-4818): Asian American Dance Theater, 7/11-13 at 8; Marcus Schulkind Dance Co., 7/14-16 at 8; Capoeiras of Bahia, 7/18-20 at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (535-7710).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).
Wollman Theater in Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (249-8870).

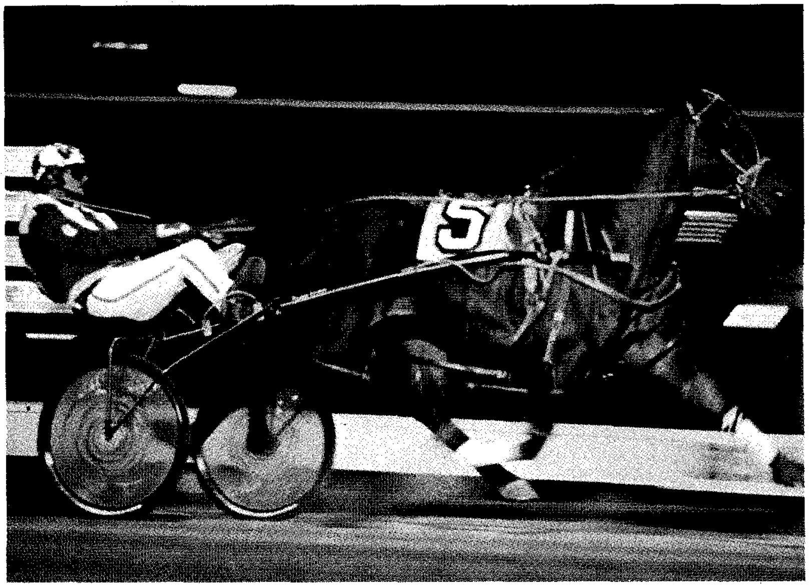
Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listing's edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

*Lee Adler–Macnine-inspired paintings and prints from the 70s, thru 7/21. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).



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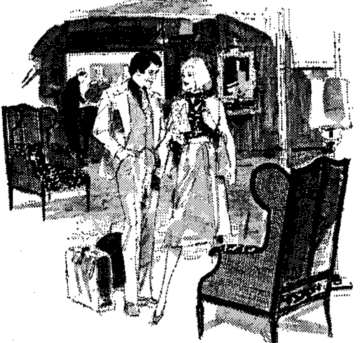

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AROUND TOWN

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Tom Dubicanac–Ecological and socio-cultural collages, thru 7/22. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350). Tues-Sat 12-5.

***Egon Schiele**(1890-1918)–Self-portraits in paintings, drawings, and watercolors, thru 8/31. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

Pierre Soulages–Tightly structured works with chiaroscuro effects of the 50s and the darker compositions of the 60s and 70s, thru 7/14. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897). Mon-Fri 10-5.

SoHo

Owen Morrel–Asylum, thru 9/30. Roof Top, 260 W Bdwy (966-0644). Mon-Fri 9-6, Sat 12-6.

OTHER

Lila Katzen–Steel outdoor sculpture and collage drawings, thru 9/1. Fordham at Lincoln Center (431-9439).

Philip Pearlstein–Recent prints of the nude/Graphic portfolios by Abrahams, Acconci, Arneson, others, thru 9/1. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006). Tues-Fri 11-5.

***Ned Smythe**–Sculpted arcades of cast and poured concrete columns with foliated capitals, thru 10/1. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (861-3115).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Alonzo–30 W 57th (586-2500). Non-objective abstractions by Butchkes, Gilbert, Nagano, Valenstein, thru 7/27.

***de Nagy**–29 W 57th (421-3780). Shape and field in abstractions by Mueller, Purcell, Saito, and Youkilis, thru 7/13.

Dintenfass–50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri 10-5. Gallery artists Dove, Sheeler, Gwathmey, Leaf, others, thru 8/18.

Eric–61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Genesis–41 E 57th (751-7220). New talent by Lewis, Roosevelt, others, thru 7/15.

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Works by known and unknown artists including Boxer, Dine, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, at collectible prices, thru 8/30.

Kornblee–20 W 57th (586-1178). Different approaches to scale by Gnoli, Hollweg, Kurt, others, thru 7/14.

Pearl–29 W 57th (838-6310). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Painters on paper, including Greene, Loew, Lytle, Phillips, and Chaet, thru 7/28.

Portnoy–56 W 57th (757-0461). Mon-Thurs 10-5:30. The back room in ceramics by members, thru 7/30.

Sande–61 E 57th (688-1904). Works by gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Truman–38 E 57th (688-3516). Attitudes about art in the works of Christo, Hackin, Tuttle, thru 7/20.

Zabriskie–29 W 57th (832-9034). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Sculpture, paintings, and photos, 7/5-29.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Acquavella–18 E 79th (734-6300). Works by J. Dinerstein Girling, Ross, Slone, and Youkilis, thru 7/23.

Blackburn–110 W 30th (868-7459). Small pewter works by Mingo, a granite floor piece by Stark, others, thru 7/15.

Borgenicht–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). Tues-Fri 10-2. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). 20th century art, including Bluemner, Daugherty, Demuth, Sloan, others, thru 8/4.

Elkon–1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940). Mon-Fri 10-5:45. Arnoldi, Buckley, Delap, Ridenhour, Roth, and Wesley, thru 7/14.

Forum–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Still-life painters, thru 7/31.

Guild–1145 Mad Ave (861-3776). Tues-Sun 11-5. Prints by Bragg, Neiman, Rockwell, thru 7/18.

***L'Ibis**–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from Rome and ancient Near East, thru 7/30.

Ingber–3 E 78th (744-3158). Oils of the street by Day, Jirby, Sherrod, others, thru 8/1.

Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies–8 W 40th (398-9474). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5. Projects, sets, and arcadias by Cook and Herron, thru 7/20.

***Knoedler**–19 E 70th (988-1304). Treasures of Mexico, thru 7/22.

***Nicholls**–1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Mon-Fri 11-5. Cartoons, illustrations, and magazine cover designs of food and drink by Addams, Arno, Booth, Modell, Stevenson, others, *thru 7/15.*

Urdane–23 E 74th (BU8-7004). Gouaches by Gluck, installation drawings by Soreff, numerological systems by Shaw, others, thru 7/15.

SoHo

OK *Harris*–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Tues-Sat 12-5. Summer invitational with Applebaum, Feingenbaum, Velenta, others, thru 7/15.

***Hoffman**–429 W Bdwy (966-6676). Drawings by seven Frenchmen and clay masks by Ethical Culture School students, thru 7/12.

Milliken–141 Prince (674-3131). Mon-Fri 11-5:00. Baynard, Friedberg, Saba, Matt, others, thru 7/27.

Neill–136 Greene (925-8633). Works on paper by Absatz, Cristofaro, Pullen, others, plus sculpture by *Simonis, thru 7/15.*

***Soho Center**–114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5. Reflective color abstractions by Amann, alternating stained and saturated color-field works by Colman, iconic kinetic constructions by Cooney-Crawford, Gaetano, Mathews, Tavins, thru 7/29.

Sperone Westwater Fischer–142 Greene (431-3685). Mon-Fri 11-4. Gallery artists Andre, Flavin, Venezia, others, thru 7/30.

***Volpe**–457 W Bdwy (533-3900). Mon-Fri 11-7. The American arts and crafts armchair from 1900 to 1917 designed by Stickley, Limbert, and Roycroft, thru 8/18.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Originals by Escher, acrylics by Rigolfi, welded steel sculpture by Udinotti, others, thru 8/30.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Paintings by Clears, Firshein, Hauptman, and townscapes by Lis, thru 7/13.

OTHER

***Astor**–Lincoln Center (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 12-8, Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat 12-6. The dance in drawings, prints, costume designs, books, and sculpture spanning five centuries, including Diaghilev's notebook from 1909 to 1911, thru 9/2.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Mon-Fri 12-6. Latin American artists in NYC, including Downey's videos and Urbach's explorative photos, thru 7/28.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Work by the American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.

Glassmasters–621 Sixth Ave (924-2868). 3-D stained-glass pieces, thru 7/15.

Noho–542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6. Members, including Beauchamp, Horowitz, Palermo, Yost, others, thru 7/30.

NY Public Library–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6551). *Mon-Wed, Fri & Sat 10-6. Patrons and publishers* dealing with the financial support of English literary works from Chaucer to Orwell with letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection, thru 11/29/At Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. Mon-Sat 12-6. Photos and memorabilia of Eglevsky, 1917 to 1977, thru 9/2.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

World Trade Center–U.S. Customs Service (247-5340). Mon-Fri 8:30-4. Antique American flags and memorabilia, thru 7/24.

THE HAMPTONS

Benson–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton, L.I. (516-537-3233). Constructions by Ajay, collages and paintings by Getz, ceramic sculpture by Ney, coins and antiquities from the Epstein Collection, thru 7/18.

Light–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton, L.I. (516-537-3665). Tues-Sat 11-1, 2-5. Color photos of Providence, Rhode Island by Callahan and contemporary views by Miller, thru 8/3.

Parrish Museum–Job's Lane, Southhampton (516-283-2118). David Burliuk: Years of Transition, 1910-1930, including his avant-garde, surrealist works/ Dan Flavin: Light sculpture and waterfront drawings of the Hamptons and Hoboken, thru 7/23.

Tower–3 South Main, Southhampton, L.I. (516-283-3951). Lyrical abstractions by Jaffe, drawings and lithos by Peter Max, thru 7/21.

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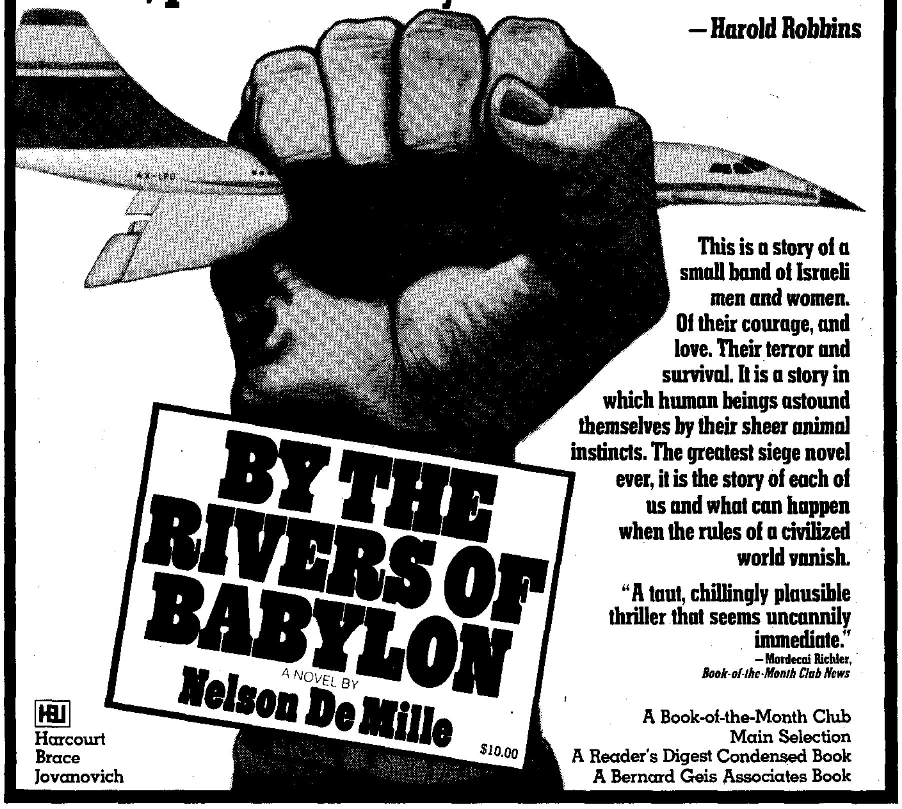

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AROUND TOWN

Photography

***James Abbe**–Militarism in the 30s, including Hitler, Stalin, Spanish Civil War, and Mussolini, thru 7/30. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

Marty Fumo–Manipulated, surreal images, thru 7/14. Popular Photography, 1 Park Ave (725-3785). Mon-Fri 9-5.

***Grey**–NYU, 33 Washington Pl, Washington Sq E (598-7063). Mon-Fri 12-7, Wed 12-8:30. 19th and 20th century American and European photos from the Wagstaff Collection, including Cameron, Evans, Steichen, Talbot, others, thru 8/26.

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6183). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. *Auto Exotica*, thru 7/21.

Carol Levine–Mansions, mills, and main streets, thru 7/21. Merrill Hall, 90 Trinity Pl. Mon-Fri 10-9.

Light–724 5th Ave (582-6552). Works by Callahan, Newman, Siskind, Strand, others, thru 8/31.

James Marshall–People in places from rural India to urban Italy, thru 7/31. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

***Midtown-Y**–344 E 14th (674-7200). Mon-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4, Sun 10-1. Sports and games in the streets, parks, playgrounds, and plazas of NYC taken over the past 40 years by Cartier, Eisenberg, Gove, Wolff, others, thru 9/17.

Neikrug–224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6. Erotic studies by Fox, Mapplethorpe, Tress, Webb, Weegee, others, thru 7/29.

Nikon–620 5th Ave (586-3907). Winners of the "Pictures of the Year," including Conger and Harvey of National Geographic Magazine, thru 7/29.

***Pfeifer**–825 Mad Ave (737-2055). Tues-Fri 10-5:30. Male nude in the 19th & 20th century, thru 7/28.

***Prakapas**–19 E 71st (737-6066). Tues-Fri 11-6. Views of New York after dark, including Times Square in the 20s, thru 7/21.

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (242-9198). Sat & Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Photo-synthesis by Calabrese, faces by Hiss, Fire Island by Watherwax, thru 7/30.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces:* The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 12/31. *The Sport of Birding;* thru 7/16. *Rails of the World:* Paintings by J. Fenwick Landsdowne of this little-known bird family; thru 7/16. **Hayden Planetarium,** CPW at 81st St. (724-8700). Laserium concert, Fri & Sat at 8:30, 10 & 11:30 p.m., Sun at 8:30 & 10 p.m.

Asia House–112 E 64th (751-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs til 8:30. Vintage prints made in China during the last 60 years of the Imperial Ch'ing dynasty, 1846-1912, thru 8/20.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Embroidery Through the Ages:* Fine and rare examples from the 14th century to the present, for the church and for secular use; thru 9/3. *Celebration of Water:* Water symbolism and water forms—fountains, baths, swimming pools, etc., thru 8/20.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. Folk art images of George Washington; thru 10/31.

Frick Collection, 1 E 70th St. (288-0700). Wed-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *The Evelyn Sharp Collection:* Forty-five paintings and sculptures from Braque, Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and others; thru 10/1. *Alberto Burri:* A retrospective view, 1948-78; thru 8/27.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30. Japanese genre screens from the 17th to the 19th centuries, thru 7/14.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Images of Women—Master Drawings of Five*

Centuries: Drawings from the 15th to the 20th century, including works by Rembrandt, Dürer, Ingres, Renoir, Matisse, others; thru 10/1. *The Arts Under Napoleon:* Includes wax medallions, velvet court apparel, the Emperor's death mask, and more; thru 7/30. *Japanese Early Blue and White Export Ware:* Export porcelain of the second half of the 17th century; 7/11 thru 9/3. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27. *The Collection of Alfred Stieglitz:* Fifty pioneers of modern photography; thru 7/16. *Polish Arms & Armor;* indefinite close.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *The Spanish Forger:* His works. *Devils, Demons, & Fantastic Creatures:* Drawings of creatures which exist in the imagination. *Books and Manuscripts, 1400-1950:* Books, manuscripts, and first editions of English and American literature. *H.M.S. Pinafore:* Celebrating its centennial. Thru 7/29.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *Folk Art—The Heart of America:* Objects incorporating and illustrating the heart; thru 10/15.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4. A costume history of New York dining and galas; thru 7/9.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Light Years:* Illuminating the development of holography; thru 8/27.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Jerry Dantzic and the Cirkut Camera:* Color landscapes, averaging six feet in length; thru 7/30. *Jim Dine's Etchings:* The history of his work; thru 9/5. *The Architecture of Gunnar Asplund;* thru 9/10. *Designed for Film:* Demonstrating the importance of production design and art direction in motion pictures; thru 9/26. *Artists and Writers:* Drawings and portraits of 20th century American and European painters and sculptors, poets and philosophers, novelists and critics; thru 9/24. The museum's Summergarden is now open Fri, Sat & Sun from 6 to 10 p.m., thru 9/3.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5. *Double Take:* An exhibition of recent works by eighteen contemporary artists; 7/15 thru 9/2.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 9/5. *New Life for Old Objects—The Art of the Conservator:* An exhibition of restored paintings, sculptures, and artifacts; thru 8/31. *Wish You Were Here:* A look at popular New York State vacation spots of the past; thru 9/30.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Play Ball!—A Century of Sports in Art:* Includes works by George Bellows, Richard Diebenkorn, Sidney Goodman, Red Grooms, Bill King, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Ben Shahn, and others; thru 9/10.

South Street Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6. *The Afternoon of Sail:* A re-creation of 19th century South Street; thru 9/4.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *H.C. Westermann:* A retrospective of drawings and sculptures; thru 7/16. *Four-Part Drawing of Lines to Points on a Grid:* Sol LeWitt's drawing, installed on all four walls of the lobby gallery; thru 7/23. *American Art From 1950 to the Present;* thru 9/12. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); vs. Chicago White Sox, 7/13 at 2, 7/14 at 8; vs. Kansas City Royals, 7/15 at 8, 7/16 at 2, 7/17 at 8.

Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000). No home games this week.

Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (265-8600); vs. New England Tea Men, 7/12 at 9.

Apples, Felt Forum (661-8070); vs. Phoenix Racquets, 7/11; vs. Indiana Loves, 7/18. At 7:30.

Invitational at Forest Hills, West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills (478-2045); 7/11-15 at 1 & 7:30, 7/16 at 1.

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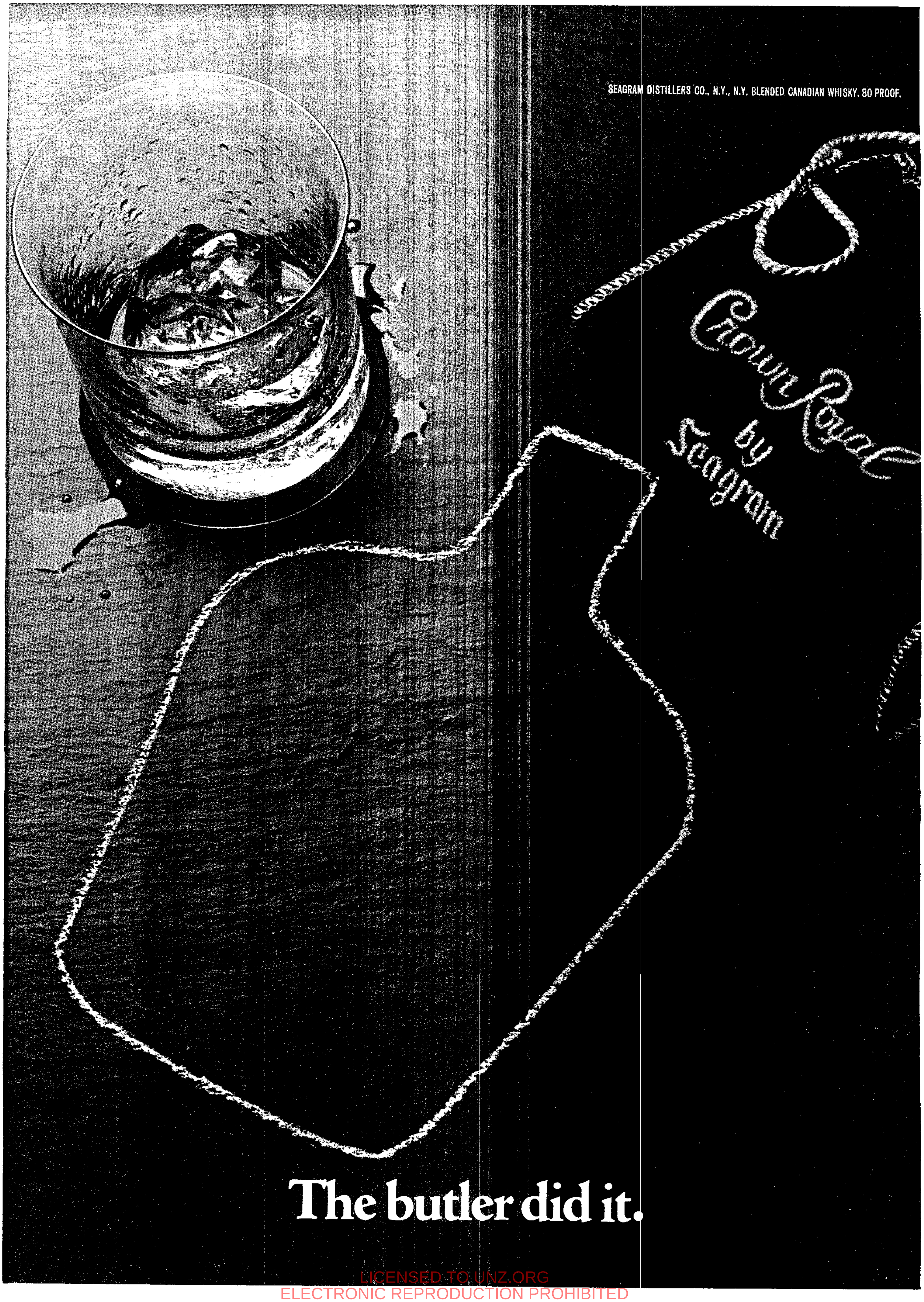
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New York

Where Will You Be When the Lights Go Out This Summer?

By Carolyn Kay Brancato

> "... Con Ed's protective systems, which failed in 1977 and led to the July blackout, still have not been properly tested ..."

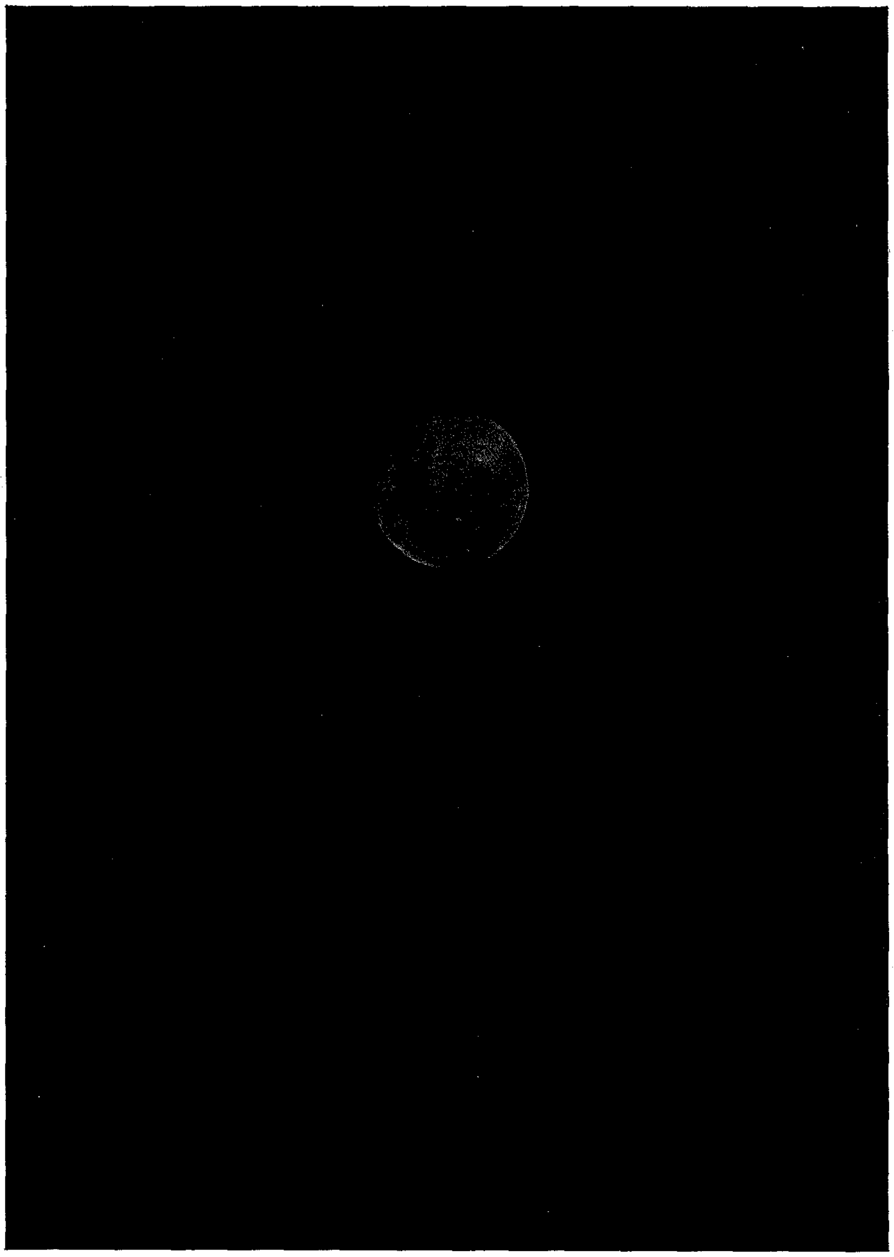
This week marks the first anniversary of the Great Blackout of 1977—the one that Consolidated Edison assured us could not happen. Memories of looting and danger and darkness still dance in our heads; fierce recollections remain of Charles Luce and company looking to heaven to explain away our distress. Heaven can wait; as it is the tradition at all commemorations of the past to consider the future, the question that may fairly be asked on this particular anniversary is: Can the blackout happen again?

The answer is yes. We shall have to qualify the answer to some degree, hedge where prudence instructs us. But months of careful and painstaking investigation seem to suggest that another power failure of Black Hole magnitude is indeed possible.

To be sure, steps *have* been taken to head it off—that is, to alter conditions that preceded last year's blackout; in a manner of speaking, last year's cannot happen again. It was of a bizarre and special kind. But a blackout is a blackout, and one could take place this very summer, given the correct interplay of the machinery of God and man.

Just why this is so requires an examination of what happened last time, what steps have been taken to improve conditions, and what difference the steps may have made. As we shall see, there's the rub: Some of the corrective measures, perhaps all, were meaningful and useful. But so much remains to be done, so much can be done, so many questions are still there to be answered...

Dr. Carolyn Brancato, an assistant professor of economics at Herbert Lehman College, was staff director of the city's blackout investigation. Additional research for this story was provided by John McNally, staff engineer to the city's inquiry.



Blackout '77: *A year later, Con Ed still has not installed what the company and everyone else agree is necessary—a modern computerized control system.*

Photograph by Jake Rajs

"... Even in an emergency, the generating capacity of the Indian Point No. 3 plant won't be available to Con Ed this summer..."

At 8:37 P.M. on July 13, 1977, lightning struck two electrical circuits—known as "feeders"—on a Con Ed high-voltage transmission line in northern Westchester County near the small town of Buchanan. There was a momentary short, but because no real damage was done there should not have been anything more than a momentary clearing of the circuit.

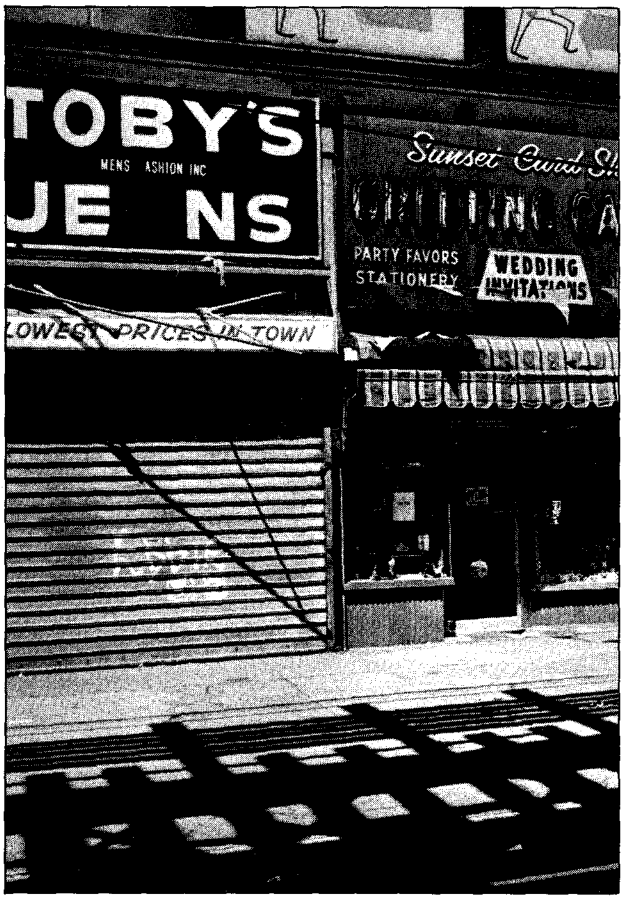
Modern dealers in electrical power are not oblivious of fail-safe measures. They know about backups and protection. Even Con Ed. Yet that night, a combination of improperly designed, installed, and maintained protective systems—in place, quite obviously, to ensure reliable and continuing service through the worst of weather—actually caused these feeder circuits to become disconnected, stay disconnected, and play their unnecessary little roles in disconnecting yet a third.

At 8:56 that same evening, lightning struck again, this time south of Millwood but still in Westchester. Amazingly enough—or not so amazingly, as later investigations were to show—the so-called protective systems once again lashed out and neutralized a group of electrical circuits. Fail-safe failure, as it were, and the whole system was one step closer to collapse.

It turns out that this part of last year's blackout *could* happen again, for history appears not to be terribly illuminating to Con Ed: The company had never tested all those protective systems in such a way as to give reasonable assurance that they would operate well, or at all, under conditions as the real world finds them. Components, it has now been disclosed, had been checked on a piecemeal basis only: Hence there was no way of knowing how these enormously complex systems of sensors, relays, circuit breakers, and timers would perform until lightning, or some other disturbance of profound moment, struck.

What has been done about it since, and where are we today? Con Ed has made improvements in its approach to testing since last year's blackout. But they are not enough. Indeed, several investigators have expressed themselves as deeply concerned. Yet Con Ed continues to resist the notion that its protective systems should be subject to "simulated fault testing." This is something that efficiently run utilities have long done.

JE NS
GREETING CARDS



Neighborhood requiem: *Late-night "shoppers" took what they wanted from these stores along a block of Broadway in Bushwick. One year later, only the greeting-card store has managed to reopen, leaving the rest of the block shuttered and vacant in the shadows cast by the BMT elevated line. The block, says one resident, "was never nice, but at least it was busy. Now it's gone to the dogs."*

In recognition of this fact, the Public Service Commission only two months ago ordered Con Ed to begin testing the fail-safe circuitry "as a unit." Sounds exacting, but the record of the PSC in directing the behavior of Con Ed is a trifle spotty. It is therefore not surprising that well-qualified observers of this matter say that the directive did not go far enough. They say the language is so vague that Con Ed can, if it chooses, sidestep the intention of the order.

In fact, late last month Norman Terreri, a Con Ed assistant vice-president, said that "fault testing takes place when the circuit undergoes a disturbance." That means, in other words, that the equipment is checked when it is struck by lightning.

Human suffering aside, chaotic events such as the 1977 blackout give rise to investigations. The greater the catastrophe, the greater the number of official probes (only war seems outside this unbroken law). The blackout spawned six, although only three of them could be considered major. Con Ed itself hired Joseph Swidler, the former New York State Public Service Commission chairman—the regulatory connection—to assist in its "internal review." That's one of the three. The other two were the state's and the city's: New York State hired Norman Clapp, former chief of Wisconsin's Public Service Commission, to look not only at the equipment failures but also at the safety of the state's entire power grid. To lead its highly publicized inquiry, New York City named Ira Millstein, chairman of the American Bar Association's anti-trust section.

Among these studies there was little disagreement over the physical malfunction and electrical-system deficiencies that led to lights-out. Con Ed itself produced a long list of defective equipment. But that should surprise no one; things that break can be counted.

It is in the area of managerial competence that a divergence of views has arisen, which seems natural because competence is more difficult to assess. But this is how the consensus shakes down: When equipment fails as consistently, when operating errors are made as routinely, when corporate procedures are as wrongheaded as all were on July 13 of last year, machinery cannot be blamed. Top officials of the company must stand at fault, and if it is unkind it is not unfair to say that for

Photo credits: left— N.Y. Post; right— Stephen Shames

Blackout Box Score: The Final Tally

Two days after the 1977 blackout, the federal Small Business Administration declared New York City a disaster area. Around 2,500 stores had been damaged in the looting and rioting, and despite $38.7 million in low-interest federal loans, about 700 never reopened. "For the most part, these were very small businesses, little stores run by one or two people," says Monte Wasch, acting director of the city's Office of Economic Development. "Big places and chain outlets were able to bounce right back."

To date, Con Ed has proved to be less than helpful in dealing with the human effects of its failure. When a recent congressional report tallied the total blackout cost at $309.5 million, it also reported that the giant utility had refused to cooperate with its study. As for the nearly 20,000 businesses and individuals who have filed damage claims against Con Ed for losses incurred during the outage, each has received a letter saying that no restitution will be made. "We are not liable for the blackout," a company spokesman says. "It was not due to our negligence."

And what happened to the nearly 3,800 New Yorkers arrested during those chaotic hours of blackout 1977? As of last October, state statistics show, nearly all of the 3,076 looting-related defendants' cases had been disposed of in criminal court. Nearly half were convicted by plea or trial; about a quarter of the cases—an unusually high proportion—had been referred to grand juries; 13.5 percent had been adjourned or dismissed outright. Of the 1,311 sentenced, 268 got jail time of up to one year, 253 were fined, and the remainder were discharged or sentenced to time already served. Longer jail terms are expected in those cases which went on to grand juries; an accounting of their outcomes is expected this month.

Generally, blackout looters received a high proportion of jail terms. But, notes Norma Sue Wolf of the state Division of Criminal Justice Services, "As time went by, sentencing got lighter, until, by the end, the looters were being treated like ordinary shoplifters." **—Frederick Allen**

years, as well as on blackout night, Con Ed has been managed like a Rube Goldberg drawing.

That is why, in the rosiest of all possible interpretations of things as they stand today, a blackout could happen again; why, on last blackout night, Con Ed's power system was being imprudently operated—even by its own industry standards. Despite predictions of thunderstorms that day and evening, too much power had been sent into New York City from energy plants in the region—in view of the fact that the critical Hudson-Farragut transmission line connecting Con Ed with power sources in New Jersey was out of service. In other words, Con Ed was unnecessarily exposing the city to great risk.

Paul Curran, former U.S. attorney for the Southern District and a member of the city panel which reviewed the blackout, said: "Con Ed's management had failed to design, install, maintain, and operate its system in any remotely competent way. It is only through divine intervention that blackouts are not a regular occurrence."

Some measure of this competence may be seen by looking even more closely at what happened during blackout 1977 step by step.

After the disconnection of the transmission lines that we have already discussed, all was not really lost. It was imperative at that confluence of events for Con Ed to relieve overloading on other lines into the city by increasing the utility's energy production within the city itself. It failed to do so.

Every day Con Ed must report to the New York Power Pool—the operating arm of the state's public-utility companies—its reserve-power-generating capacity. On the day of the blackout, Con Ed had reported 1,344 extra megawatts, most of them capable of being produced by gas-turbine sites in the city itself.

However: The men assigned these turbine posts had been sent home early July 13 by William Jurith, Con Ed's system operator on duty at the Manhattan Energy Control Center. And there was no way to turn the turbines on by remote control from Jurith's station.

So on the night of the blackout, when Jurith got the call from the Power Pool to start producing power from Con Ed's reserve sources—remember the claim of 1,344 megawatts—he couldn't start the unmanned turbines, and for some reason he waited eight minutes after his transmission lines went out before revving up steam-generating equipment, some of which broke down. As a result, Con Ed supplied only 26 percent of its vaunted reserve, and that, quite clearly, was nowhere near enough.

Not long ago the PSC told Con Ed that in the future if any two of its Westchester transmission lines, the so-called northern corridor, go down, the company is to start generating its New York City energy reserves immediately, turbines and all. And to make sure that the stated reserves are actual reserves, the PSC ordered Con Ed to install remote-control starting equipment on the turbines and to start monthly auditing of the generating capacity of the city stations.

What has been done? What do we know now of the security of this system for the future, or for the present? Charles Durkin, Con Ed's chief system operator, says the remote-control units have indeed been installed and that the results of audits and tests have generally been good. Reserves, he says, have been available during the numerous mini-crises that have taken place in the year since the Great Blackout.

But Con Ed would not supply *New York* Magazine with copies of its power audits and denied reporters permission to visit its Energy Control Center. Thus Durkin's assessments cannot be independently verified. Said a Con Ed official: "What is this, a public inquiry?"

Similarly, the Power Pool declined to provide results of its own audits—on advice of counsel, a spokesman said.

But back for a moment to the excitement of July 13 and the chain of occurrences that led to the darkness. There are more failures of mind to recall here, more examples of faulty communication. As we have said, in some cases these failures and faults have been rectified, but not in all, and much more needs to be accomplished.

That night, when Jurith told the Power Pool that the turbine boys had left, William Kennedy at the Pool knew—and probably so did Jurith—that Con Ed could not save the system with its "in-city generation." So he began calling Jurith at Con Ed with instructions to "shed load." That's a euphemism for unplugging people, disconnecting clusters of customers in selected areas with the aim of saving the system as a whole.

At least seven calls were made. Early on they took this tone: "Bill, I hate to bother you but you'd better shed about 400 megawatts of load or you're going to lose everything down there." Later, when the Power Pool could see that disaster was at hand, this was the tone: "Will you shed load down there immediately? At least 1,000 megawatts or you're going to go right down the pipe." The answer to this last, from Con Ed, was "All right, pal."

Meanwhile, from 9:08 to 9:27 poor Jurith had been on the phone with his boss, Charles Durkin, who was in ef-

"...Con Ed hasn't bought the $2-million part which could keep a 1,000-megawatt plant from being knocked out by lightning..."

fect running the whole shebang while studying a Con Ed diagram by kerosene lamp in his home in Yorktown Heights—already blacked out by an earlier local power failure.

Durkin finally ordered Jurith to start pushing the 39 switches of the load-shedding panel. For a reason never explained, nothing happened, and to this day, questions surrounding Con Ed's responsibility to obey Power Pool directives—including load shedding in emergencies—have not been resolved.

Despite pressure from investigative bodies, questions persist about the training procedures at Con Ed for the men who attend the switches and buttons. The investigators found, for example, that Con Ed operators such as Jurith had not had training in crisis situations. The PSC has since ordered the Power Pool to create the post of training supervisor for review of the qualification of Con Ed personnel; it also has ordered the Pool to look into the creation of training programs for each utility, Con Ed included.

But the Pool is remarkably close-mouthed about how it is reacting to the orders. "We are responding to the directives," a spokesman said, but refused, on advice of counsel, to say how or where or when. A Con Ed spokesman said, "Talk to the Power Pool."

Con Ed has stated elsewhere, however, that it has increased the number of people in its Energy Control Center, begun physical and psychological testing of its operators, and expects to have soon a "power response simulator" available as a training device. What any of this means, precisely, is unclear, and even these general statements cannot be confirmed independently.

It should be noted that the load-shedding panel now is simplified: 39 switches have been reduced to 3.

As has been made painfully clear by the refusal of Con Ed's operator to shed load when asked to by the Power Pool (even if he could have managed all those switches), jurisdictional disputes are important factors when it comes down to lights or no lights.

For example, while the PSC has ordered Con Ed to give it reports of actual reserve-generating-capacity tests, only the Power Pool—not the PSC—is slated to conduct independent audits of this capacity. And the PSC concedes it has no jurisdiction over the Pool, only over individual utilities. So it seems that the only way individual companies can be forced to provide daily reports—and accurate ones—is for other companies to bring suit under the Pool partnership agreement.

This is unlikely to happen; utilities don't go around suing other utilities to make them honest. The city blackout commission recommended that the Legislature clarify all of this, but no bills were forthcoming.

Another conflict with great bearing on the possibility of a blackout this year—or next, or annually—is the one between the PSC and the New York State Power Authority, which supplies energy to many upstate communities and some municipal and state agencies in the metropolitan region. The State Power Authority is a law unto itself.

So while the PSC chairman, Charles Zielinski, is worried about the Authority's decision to close its Indian Point No. 3 plant for the summer for refueling, there's nothing he can do about it.

What difference does Indian Point No. 3 make to New York City and the possibility of another blackout? Just this: If Indian Point No. 3 stays shut down for July and August, its generating capacity would not be available to Con Ed in the event of an emergency. Furthermore, Con Ed is bound by contract to supply the needs of the Authority customers ordinarily served by Indian Point No. 3, should the Authority call on it.

Surely, one muses, the federal government can take a hand in all of this. Has there not been a Federal Power Commission, all-seeing and thoroughly knowing, that can step in and set things right? Immediately after the 1977 blackout, Federal Power Commission engineers were asked if the critical Hudson-Farragut transmission line was in service. They said they didn't know.

Since then, the federal engineers have acknowledged that they do receive information about downed interstate

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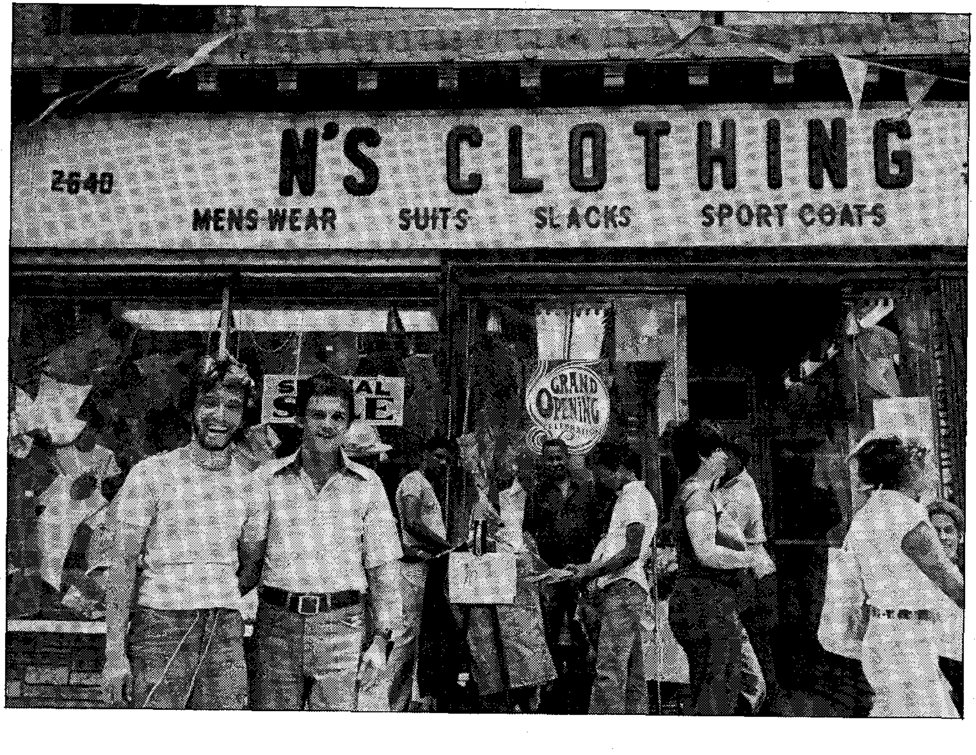
2640 BEN'S CLOTHING 2640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GRAND OPENING

Revived: *"Slowly but surely, we'll come back," vows clothing-store manager Isaac Perez (far right), with clerk Gumersindo Lopez in front of the shop his uncle bought a month ago at Broadway and 100th Street in Manhattan. Former owner Igar Shedian, shown above the day after the store had been looted during the blackout, never managed to get business back to its old level after reopening and reportedly has moved out west.*

Photo credits: left—Jim Anderson/Contact; right—Stephen Shames

connections, but that they have no authority to order service restored. Further, should a dispute come up between utilities in different states on the necessity of building a power line for more reliable service, the federal authorities have flatly stated that they can't resolve it.

As for Con Ed itself, there is a certain undeniable resistance to change that (1) hamstrings present operations and (2) lends credence to the fears that a blackout could happen again. This is an example of that resistance:

The blackout of 1977 disclosed an almost unbelievable deficiency in the design of a switching circuit associated with the huge 1,000-megawatt Indian Point nuclear plant. Apparently a single stroke of lightning, or some similar bolt from the blue, could take out the plant's entire energy capacity, which, on a good day, can supply power to 1.5 million people. A stroke of lightning *did* take it out—last summer.

A consultant to the city's blackout probe, T. S. Lauber, professor of electrical engineering at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, recommended that the deficient circuit, called a "ring-bus," be replaced. He described a much better arrangement, a standard switching mechanism known as a "breaker-and-a-half." This change would cost $2 million—a lot, but a fraction of the half-billion-dollar cost of the Indian Point plant itself. No deal. The correction has not been made.

Another instance of too little too late involves the hardware at the utility's energy-control center. In 1975, the Arthur D. Little consulting firm found that Con Ed's center was a "cause for concern" and recommended to the Public Service Commission that Con Ed's management purchase and install a sophisticated information-control-system computer made by the Boeing aircraft company. But Con Ed's board failed to act. Thus, during the blackout, the company's operators found themselves stuck with equipment which consultants had called "old" and "unreliable" two years earlier. Since last July 13, Con Ed's board has voted to approve the purchase of the Boeing system. It will not, however, be fully operational until 1981.

Con Ed's reluctance to mend its ways may be illustrated in another way. Con Ed insists that the answers to its generating deficiencies will be found in the construction of new plants. Hundreds of millions of dollars, of course, but dig it must. Charles Luce, Con Ed board chairman, says that in his view the blackout never would have happened if environmentalists had not brought to a halt the building of a new plant at Storm King, and if the city had not prevented Con Ed from adding more plants within the five boroughs.

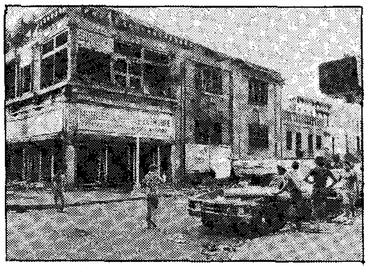
He's entitled to his opinion, but the blackout of 1977 might never have happened, on the other hand, if Con Ed had been spending a relatively few million dollars on repair of its existing facilities and on improved operating procedures—as they did after July 13, by bringing their storm-watch program up to par. But the night of the blackout, remember, Con Ed was able to muster only 55 percent of its total in-city capacity. It couldn't do more; things just weren't working.

One must take into account, when contemplating another blackout or the possibilities thereof, that the old-fashioned profit motive—coupled with failures in regulation—is at work here. Luce seems obsessed with new construction because it makes more money for the company than fixing up old plants and equipment. Under PSC regulations, Con Ed's earnings are determined by the amount of capital it spends for plants; the outlay sets the rate base that applies to us customers. Thus, a new facility earns more than sprucing up old but serviceable equipment.

Luce/Con Ed is reluctant to change on other grounds. If something is out of commission, like a plant, there is a certain incentive to let it be, because Con Ed does not have to reduce its fees when plants are out of service. So even though Indian Point No. 2 did not function for nearly two of the four years between 1973 and 1977, we've paid for it during all four years just as if it had been humming along.

The questions all this raises are many. Do we plunge into another blackout soon? Will Charles Luce relent and rewire us? Can the Legislature enact the various recommendations of the investigative bodies, such as the city commission's call for performance standards for Con Ed's generating plants and penalties if the standards are unmet? Will the PSC ever slap down—really slap down—Con Ed or its stockholders for something? Anything?

The answers to these questions are maybe, no, perhaps, and unlikely. But, of course, the most crucial of these is the first, and it deserves better than a maybe, something more hopeful. But if you leave Con Ed to its devices, you're not going to be rolling in hope. ▬



Direct hit: *After looters and arsonists had done their work, little was left to salvage of this furniture store at Van Buren and Broadway, also in the Bushwick section. The owner abandoned the site and the city demolished the building, leaving only a rubble-strewn lot where neighborhood kids like Louis Pacheco grimly observe the anniversary of the night the lights went out. For him, the blackout was only the last stage of the neighborhood's downward slide. Says Pacheco, "The blackout put the neighborhood down worse than it was."*

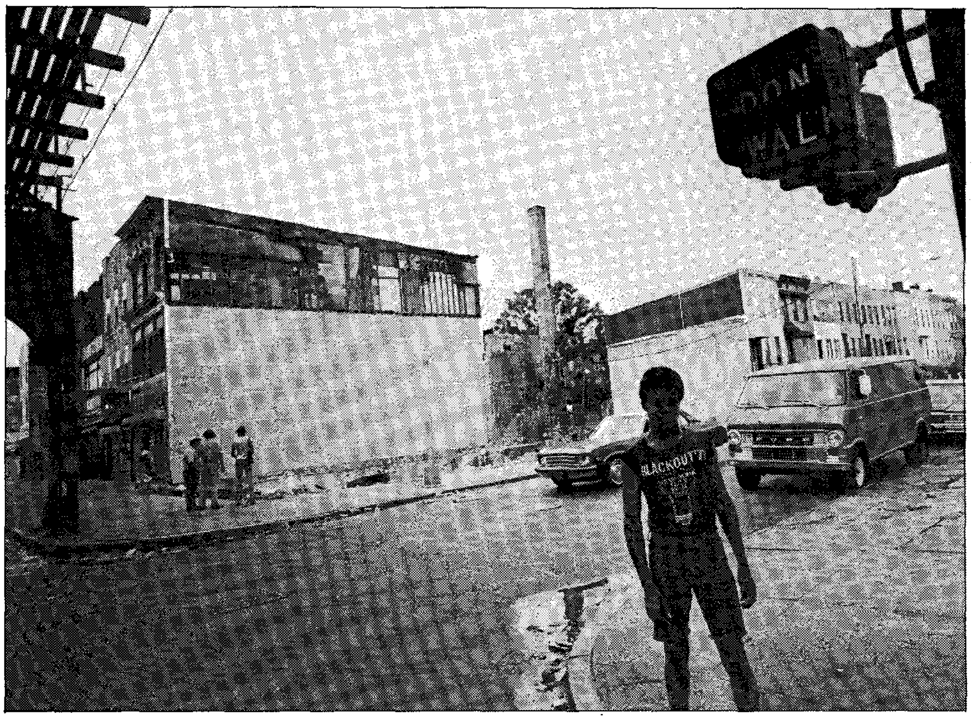


Photo credits: left—Alon Reininger/Contact; right—Stephen Shames

The War of the Movie Critics

By Stuart Byron

> "...The old days, when a critic would be struck from a screening list for reviewing a film early, have given way to 'anarchy'..."

"I am through pointing a finger, and shouting *J'accuse* at colleagues who are under greater pressure than I am to have the first word. What I choose to do instead is serve notice that I do not feel under any obligation to observe any particular timing on my reviews, early or late," Andrew Sarris wrote gustily in his regular column in the *Village Voice* on February 13 of this year. But King Andrew pledged to use his newly self-imposed powers judiciously. "I shall try not to abuse my freedom," he continued, "since I am still nostalgic for order and sequence. But I am no longer promising anything."

What caused Sarris's pronunciamento was the extraordinary series of episodes which occurred in New York in late 1977, when critics shattered precedent by reviewing such movies as *Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Close Encounters of the Third Kind,* and *Saturday Night Fever* before they were supposed to under the old, increasingly violated ground rules. Just at the time his article appeared, a three-man delegation from Hollywood was in New York talking to top editors of the three major dailies in an attempt to restore what Sarris called "order and sequence." Nevertheless, in the end, the *Times*, the *News*, and the *Post* changed the policy which had been in effect since movies first began being reviewed here: Henceforth, they would review films on opening day, rather than the day after.

By agreeing to this, the Hollywood delegation—actually a three-man subcommittee of the Motion Picture Association of America, and therefore a quasi-official group—permitted a change which went far beyond shifting review dates by one day. For now it became not merely convenient but absolutely necessary for daily critics to see movies at advance screenings. No longer could film press agents continually remind critics that screenings were a "courtesy," and by so doing, attempt to dictate review dates if not reviews.

In the heyday of the studio system, nobody (except the trade papers) reviewed before the daily newspapers. Then as now, most films opened on Wednesday, and, then as now, *Time* and *Newsweek* hit the stands on Monday, but in the old days the two news weeklies never reviewed a film before the dailies without the express permission of the film company involved. Permission was rarely granted, for Bosley Crowther, film critic of the *Times* from 1940 to 1968, was a fierce defender of prerogative.

As self-appointed dean of the New York daily critics, Crowther was determined that the dailies have the first word on any film of consequence. This in effect meant that Crowther had the first word, since the *Times* was, as always, first among equals—and, indeed, so prestigious was Crowther that for 21 straight years, from 1941 to 1961, no movie won the best-picture Oscar unless it had appeared on his list of the ten best films of the year. And few foreign films succeeded at all without Crowther's imprimatur. A press agent had hell to pay if anybody scooped Bosley.

To film-industry old-timers, who remember vividly—and sometimes bitterly—the days when the *Times* was the be-all and end-all, its progress, or regress, during the past decade has been remarkable. So many foreign films have been successful without the *Times*, from *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* in 1971 to *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* right now, that the matter has become completely routine. Fewer than half of the Oscar winners during the seventies have been on Vincent Canby's ten-best lists, and the award has even gone to films he's panned (*Rocky*).

Canby himself is the first to acknowledge his reduced influence, and his analysis is surely correct: "There are just so many more critics nowadays—television critics, columnists, news services." All of these are accorded increasing equality with the *Times* in film advertisements. And with the pool of quotable film critics having greatly expanded, it is almost always possible for a distributor to put together ads with five or six favorable-sounding quotes. As a result, an amazing thing has occurred: Almost every movie achieves a cocktail-party reputation of good reviews, even when, as with *Coming Home,* it has been panned by Vin-

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Stuart Byron is Hollywood editor for Film Comment.

Photo credits: left— Movie Star News; top left— Fred McDarrah; top right— Jill Krementz

cent Canby *and* Pauline Kael *and* Andrew Sarris *and* Molly Haskell.

To one like myself who remembers the days when a critic would be stricken from a screening list for reviewing a film in advance, it has been fascinating to watch the change. It did not happen overnight. In retrospect, I note nine or ten key events of the last decade.

June 16, 1969: Jay Cocks reviews "The Wild Bunch." *Time,* like *Newsweek* and *New York,* is dated one week ahead of when it hits the stands in Manhattan. Before 1970, however, it hit the stands on the Monday prior to a Friday dating. Thus, though this issue of *Time* was dated June 20, Cocks's rave for Peckinpah's now classic Western appeared two days before the movie's world premiere in Los Angeles, and more than a week before its New York opening. Says Cocks, "It was clear *The Wild Bunch* was going to be attacked for its violence, and since I thought it was a great film, I wanted to start a bandwagon." He remembers his superiors' mulling over the matter before deciding to go ahead with the advance review *without* informing Warner Bros. Within a year or two, reviews began to appear in all three weeklies two or three days early.

December 13, 1971: Jay Cocks and Judith Crist review "A Clockwork Orange." A new age had clearly begun, but it made little impression upon the industry until the notorious *Clockwork* incident. *Clockwork* was the most eagerly anticipated movie in two or three years, and it became known that Hollis Alpert of *Saturday Review* and Paul Zimmerman of *Newsweek* were flying to London to prepare cover stories on it. Fearful of being scooped, the editors of *Time* and *New York* dispatched their critics to the British capital, as no print of the Kubrick film would be available here till a few days before its Sunday, December 19, opening. As a result, *Time* and *New York* reviewed the film two weeks before the *Newsweek* cover; in fact, these two reviews were on the stands before the rest of the American press had even seen the movie. *Variety* was so shaken by this early example of seventies "media hype" that its report indicated that the four critics had been flown to London at the expense of Warner Bros. But, as it turns out, this was true only of Hollis Alpert.

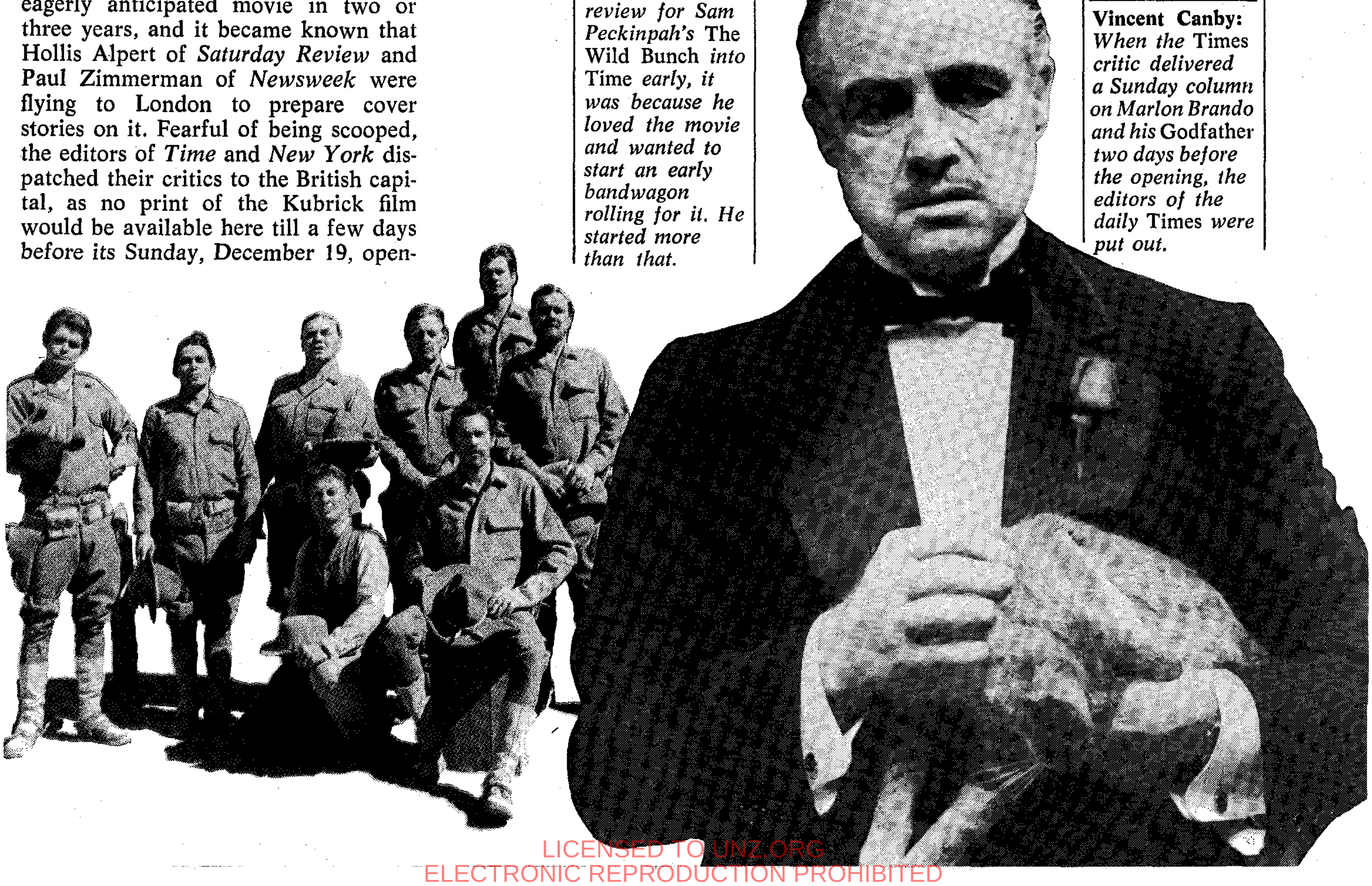
March 12, 1972: Vincent Canby writes a Sunday column on "The Godfather." Since the weeklies weren't out till Monday and the film didn't open till Wednesday, Canby scooped everybody with what was in effect the first review of the most anticipated film since *Cleopatra.* Around town, everybody averred that the *Times* had revenged itself upon the weeklies, and nobody believed Vince's story: "I started out writing a piece on Brando, but I had just seen *The Godfather* and my mind was so filled with it that uncontrollably the piece became a review of the new film." Far from being pleased, Arthur Gelb and other *Times* editors accused the Sunday paper of scooping the daily. "They told me never to do it again." Canby never did. But the piece is frequently cited as a precedent.

Jay Cocks: *When Cocks put his review for Sam Peckinpah's* The Wild Bunch *into* Time *early, it was because he loved the movie and wanted to start an early bandwagon rolling for it. He started more than that.*

January 30, 1974: Pauline Kael reviews "Thieves Like Us." Having tasted power as a result of her *Last Tango in Paris* review five months earlier, which became, in Stephen Farber's words, "perhaps the first time in film history when one review became the basis for the entire advertising campaign on a film," Kael now trumped the early-review game: Her rave notice on a Robert Altman movie appeared in *The New Yorker* a full twelve days before the film's world premiere. A month and a half later, she did it again with Steven Spielberg's *The Sugarland Express.* Note that Kael's early reviews went not to blockbusters but to small subjects by good directors who interested her.

March 27, 1974: Archer Winsten reviews "The Great Gatsby." Incensed by *Time* and *Newsweek* reviews of *Gatsby,* which had been out since Monday, Robert Spitzler, then managing editor of the *Post,* ordered critic Winsten's review of the heavily publicized movie for Wednesday, opening day, rather than waiting till Thursday. As it happened, Winsten gave *Gatsby* one of its

Vincent Canby: *When the* Times *critic delivered a Sunday column on Marlon Brando and his* Godfather *two days before the opening, the editors of the daily* Times *were put out.*



> "... John Fairchild decreed in 1974 that henceforth *Women's Wear* would review films ahead of everyone else or not at all..."

few favorable notices, and so Paramount, the distributor, voiced no objection—a fatal mistake, in light of subsequent events.

June 20, 1974: John Fairchild kills Howard Kissel's review of "The Parallax View." Through its network of spies among the Parisian seamstresses, *Women's Wear Daily* had long published the French fashions weeks before their release. Now John Fairchild, its imaginative editor-publisher, determined that his daily paper would be first in films too. *Women's Wear Daily* would not be scooped!

Fairchild had been agitated by Judith Crist's *New York* review of Alan J. Pakula's assassination thriller, which had come out three days early, on Monday. *Time* and *Newsweek* were one thing, but Fairchild saw himself as Clay Felker's chief competitor for the chic East Side crowd. He told critic Kissel that *Parallax* would not be reviewed *at all* and that subsequently *WWD* was to review films ahead of everyone else or not at all. In succeeding years, Fairchild was forced to violate his rule for the very biggest pictures, but lower-budgeted items like *Nashville, Bound for Glory,* and *F.I.S.T.* remained unreviewed in the pages of the nation's leading fashion trade paper. Kissel was to develop the practice of reviewing on Monday almost all films due to open in the coming week.

February 26, 1975: Pauline Kael reviews "Nashville." With this event, the advance-review controversy went public, as well it might: Robert Altman's film was not due to open for more than four months. But a strange thing happened, for in Vincent Canby's satiric answer to Kael two Sundays later, and in all the other commentary, the timing question was totally overshadowed by controversy over the fact that the print that Kael reviewed, at a private screening arranged by the director, was a rough cut. It was as if no one would have cared about the review's being so early if it had been of a final print. This message was not lost on editors and press agents.

Pauline Kael: *The* New Yorker *critic scooped everyone else on films like* The Sugarland Express, Last Tango in Paris, *and* Thieves Like Us. Nashville *was four months early.*

December 12, 1976: Rex Reed reviews "King Kong." Following the policy change at *Women's Wear*, Chicago Tribune Syndicate columnist Reed, who appears locally in the *Daily News*, had systematically begun reviewing films in advance. He claims that since he reviews only on Wednesdays and Fridays (the Sunday column is normally an interview), he would be too far behind if he waited. (Others suspect that Rex never got over being fired as *WWD*'s film critic in the late sixties.) To complainers from the studios or the press, Trib Syndicate and *News* executives explain that Reed is a "columnist" rather than a "critic," which annoys Rex, who considers himself the paper's "alternate critic."

But. "It's very frustrating," says regular *News* critic Kathleen Carroll. "When Rex appears two or three days ahead of our reviews—even when he appears at the same time—it makes us lose impact, perhaps even credibility." Reed claims: "I never do anything because of one-upmanship."

The *Kong* review appeared on Sunday, five days before the Friday opening, six days before its daily reviews.

Photo credits: Page 36—
top right, Jill Krementz;
bottom left, Movie Star News.
Page 37—top left, Fred McDarrah;
top right, Movie Star News;
bottom right, Jill Krementz

Reed claimed to have been unable to line up a Sunday interview and to have had no choice but to deliver the first word on *Kong.*

The *News* gave Rex's review a full page with lots of photos. All hell broke loose. "Paramount," reports Reed, "was in a furor." Also mightily upset was *Post* managing editor Spitzler. "We've been scooped once too often by Rex Reed," he declared, and told critic Frank Rich to review the film on Friday rather than Saturday. All hell broke loose again: Paramount marketing vice-president Gordon Weaver called up Spitzler to scream. Three hours later he called back to apologize. It appeared that Joseph Gelmis, in *Newsday,* had also reviewed *King Kong* on Friday.

Newsday, in fact, had made a major move. It had become the first of the New York–area papers to decide to fill editorial space in its new expanded Friday "weekend" section with reviews of Friday openings rather than saving the reviews for the thin Saturday paper. Very shortly, the *News,* the *Post,* and the *Times,* too, followed suit.

October 31, 1977: Frank Rich reviews "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." The *Time-Newsweek* rivalry had sharpened throughout the seventies. More and more often, clashes came over show-business cover stories. It is accepted in the film business that a cover story is "given" to either one of the two news weeklies, never to both. And as the competition became more intense, these cover jobs came to be about movies still being shot or edited, with the texts predicting great things on the basis of incomplete footage. It is uncanny how almost all of the films so featured (*King Kong* and *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* in *Time* and *The Great Gatsby* and *New York, New York* in *Newsweek*) have turned into notorious disappointments. Richard Schickel's confident prediction that the *Kong* remake would be a work of great popular art had taken the prize as the most embarrassing wrongo of this kind, until, in a feature piece in *New York,* William Flanagan prognosticated that *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* would be a colossal flop.

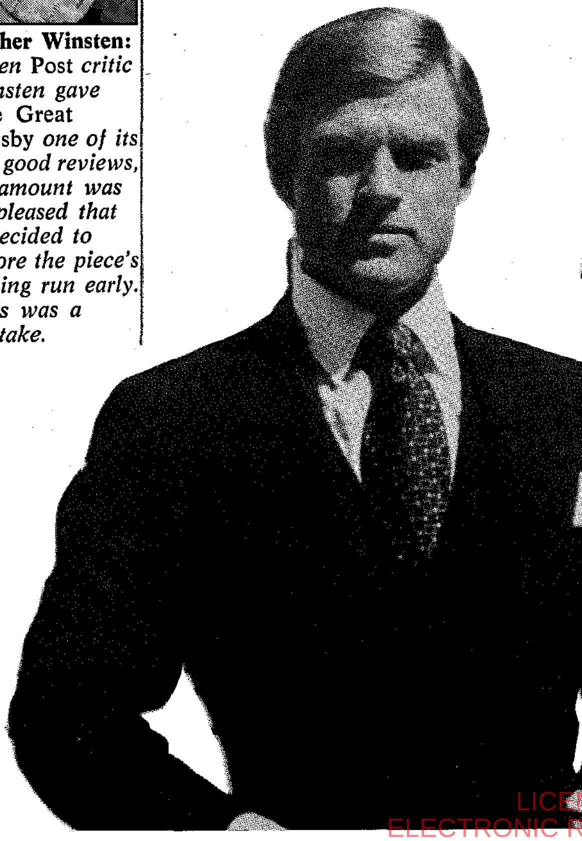
As it happened, Frank Rich, now a *Time* film critic, had conned himself into the same Dallas sneak preview of *Close Encounters* as Flanagan had. Why? Because *Time* had heard that *Newsweek* had been given the cover story and would be out with it the next week. It was wrong: Arch-rival *Newsweek* would not appear with its story for two weeks, so that *Time*'s review beat out *Newsweek*'s cover (which included a review) by two weeks.

What's more, the screening wasn't even of the final cut: Director Steven Spielberg cut out a chorus of "When You Wish Upon a Star" from the last scene, leaving scholars of the future to puzzle over a sentence in Rich's review: "Spielberg caps the scene by filling the sound track with an old and uncannily appropriate song from a Walt Disney movie."

Annoyed by *Time*'s haste (*New York*'s piece, as a middle-of-the-book article rather than a review, was not, according to *Post* editors, an issue), the *Post* ran Judith Crist's review of *Close Encounters* on Friday, November 11, five days before the film's premiere. And in December, it "jumped" Judy's notice of *Saturday Night Fever* by four days after seeing reviews in both *Time* and *Newsweek.* The *News* and the *Times* responded by covering *Fever* on opening day—a first in unanimity. The words "anarchy" and "chaos" crisscrossed telephone wires between New York and the major company home offices in Hollywood. In an industry often called a gambler's business, the emergence of yet another element of uncertainty was not welcome news.

In January, the members of the Advertising-Publicity Committee of the Motion Picture Association of America

Archer Winsten: *When* Post *critic Winsten gave* The Great Gatsby *one of its few good reviews, Paramount was so pleased that it decided to ignore the piece's having run early. This was a mistake.*



Rex Reed: *The "alternate critic" for the* Daily News *published his* King Kong *review six days early. He claimed he'd had nothing else to write about. First-stringer Kathleen Carroll was miffed at the scoop.*

"... 'I used to be a counterpuncher,' says Sarris. 'It made my reputation. But a scoop will get me on the front page' ..."

(the same industry-wide trade organization that administers the rating system) met in Los Angeles to confer. Reportedly, all of the major companies, save Paramount, expressed themselves as mightily exercised over the "anarchic" situation. The war of the weeklies had never bothered them much, but the daily papers still remained the major medium for film advertising.

And so the delegation, headed by MGM advertising-publicity vice-president Dick Kahn, was sent to New York, where it met in turn with a top executive of each of the three dailies. From these powwows came the new policy. Friday films would no longer stand alone; *all* movies would be reviewed on opening day. The *Times* announced the change with a "To Our Readers" box; the *News* and the *Post* simply forged ahead.

Kahn sent a memo to his advertising-publicity colleagues at other studios which was a masterpiece of the I-know-this-is-going-to-be-leaked school, praising in turn each of the editors with whom he had met. "James Brady, Associate Publisher of the New York *Post*... was extremely gracious and most sympathetic. . . . At the *Daily News* . . . John Quinn, Special Features Editor, and Bill Ewald, Features Editor . . . were most accommodating and quite candid. . . . Arthur Gelb, in charge of all the daily and Sunday arts and leisure sections . . . is an exceptional innovator and is the chief architect of the *Times*'s very successful series of special daily sections devoted to cultural and leisure time pursuits."

There is some question as to just how strictly the distributors will adhere to the new agreement. Wanting the reviews for *Straight Time* to appear in the thin, often unread Saturday editions, Warner Bros. did not screen the film at all. Unfortunately, this plan backfired, as two of the three dailies liked the Dustin Hoffman movie. Another MPAA member, Avco Embassy, more correctly predicting bad reviews, did the same thing with Joan Rivers's *Rabbit Test.* Paramount says it doesn't give a damn when anybody reviews anything. United Artists, on the other hand, continues to screen almost all films for the weeklies too late for them to get reviews in before the pictures open. And last month it banned WNEW-TV critic Stewart Klein from all screenings because he reviewed Burt Reynolds's *The End* two days early.

What has all of this meant to film criticism itself? I don't know if it's better or worse, but it seems to me to be a lot less fun. In the sixties, the best critics—Andrew Sarris in the *Voice,* Dwight MacDonald in *Esquire,* Pauline Kael in various free-lance outlets—specialized in coming in late, answering the other critics. The middlebrows on the dailies and weekly slicks would go bananas over something like *Tom Jones* or *Sundays and Cybele,* and then these three would write their blistering attacks on these films weeks later and make you feel foolish for having been taken in.

From *8½* in 1963 to *Chinatown* in 1974, Sarris sometimes waited weeks or even months to review a popular film, because he wanted to talk about it to readers who had seen it. But that's all changed: Now, as with *3 Women* or *An Unmarried Woman,* Sarris often has the first word. "I used to be a counterpuncher," he says. "You could say that I made my reputation that way. But the big changeover came with Felker. He never said anything specific to me, but it was obvious his whole emphasis was 'fresh' and 'now.'

"Let's face it," Sarris concludes. "If I review something first, it might get on the front page."

Another stimulating feature of the late sixties (and early seventies) was the "Arts and Leisure" section of the Sunday *Times,* which, under the editorship of Seymour Peck, was a forum for often intense debate about movies weeks after they opened. Under the current editor, William Honan, this has almost completely vanished. Where is this year's debate as to whether *Coming Home* is radical or conservative, *An Unmarried Woman* a feminist manifesto or a shuck?

Meanwhile, the fight to be first shows no sign of abating, especially as it affects the news weeklies. Just this May, in fact, the *Time-Newsweek* rivalry reached a hysterical apotheosis. It was a juicy personal encounter that had industry gossips chuckling for days.

Francis Coppola flew into town to screen a very rough assembly of about an hour and a half's worth of footage from his long-anticipated, at-least-$27-million-budgeted Vietnam-war flick *Apocalypse Now* for several hundred eastern theater exhibitors at Loews Orpheum. The press was quite specifically not invited. Unfortunately, Coppola made one last-minute exception to this rule. He allowed in Jay Cocks, an old friend, after Cocks had truthfully assured Coppola that he was now *Time*'s rock-music critic and had nothing to do with the cinema section.

Did Coppola not live in San Francisco, far from the madding New York and Los Angeles crowds, he probably would have known that he was asking for trouble. It certainly didn't surprise United Artists publicists to see *Newsweek*'s Charles Michener and first-string critic Jack Kroll saunter into the Orpheum lobby to be sure they weren't being scooped by *Time.* Needless to say, the *Newsweek* duo had a fit when they discovered that Cocks was already inside. Coppola, perplexed by the rush of events, compromised by allowing all three journalists to stay 30 minutes only. As a result, the assembled exhibitors, already having trouble following a choppy and inchoate rough cut, were further disturbed when the houselights went on after 30 minutes to permit three gentlemen to be firmly escorted from the Orpheum.

Reports about exactly what happened next are confused. Some observers claim to have witnessed an extraordinary verbal slugfest in broad daylight on the corner of Third Avenue and 86th Street. Cocks and Michener describe it as a pleasant conversation. What seems undisputed is that Cocks vented his wrath at Michener and Kroll for having prevented him from seeing "my friend's movie" at such length that Kroll finally, with exasperated disdain, declared: "Well, Jay, if you feel *that* strongly about it, go back in!" Cocks says he did not go back in. Others saw him return. The republic survived.

Joe Gelmis, *Newsday*'s critic since 1964, has watched the struggle to be first from the inside. He does not like what's happened.

"When you review a film first, you set the terms of the discussion," he complains. "With *Nashville,* for example, everybody else either became a footnote to Pauline or reacted to her. The person who reviews a film first, even when a studio has had nothing to do with it, becomes part of the opening apparatus."

On the other hand, in the good old days, the terms of the discussion were also set by being the first reviewer of a film. But it was always the same reviewer—Bosley Crowther of the New York *Times.* The current system, or lack of one, at least allows a broader spectrum of critics to become famous. If only for fifteen minutes. ■

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The Olds Cutlass. The Chevy Monte Carlo. The Buick Regal. The Pontiac Grand Prix. I looked at them all. I also looked at the VW 2-door Dasher. And you know what I found? The Dasher has C.I.S. fuel injection. The others don't. The Dasher has front-wheel drive. The others don't. The Dasher has rack-and-pinion steering and a torsion crank rear axle for livelier handling. The others don't.

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No Detroit-made car has this combination of features. Not just cars made by GM. By anybody. At any price. Not one of them has all these features.

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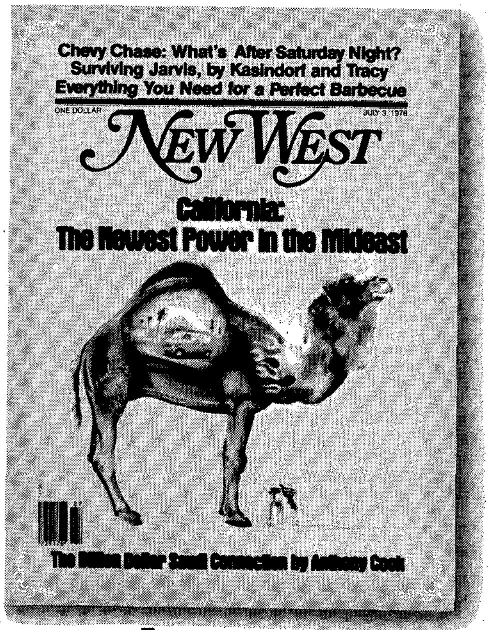
Now that you know that, shouldn't they be reading your advertising, too?


Chevy Chase: What's After Saturday Night?
Surviving Jarvis, by Kasindorf and Tracy
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NEW WEST
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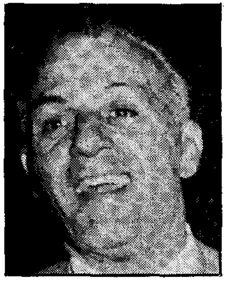
A First-Class Father and Other Dilemmas

By Ralph Schoenstein

> "...It was perhaps this mixture of theology and sex that moved Rabbi Neumann to give my bar mitzvah an unfavorable review..."

On a Saturday morning in May of 1946, a rabbi named Neumann addressed a congregation on the West Side of New York and condemned a bar mitzvah that had been held the week before. That bar mitzvah had been mine, and Neumann's was the only bad review, for Walter Winchell, Dorothy Kilgallen, and Ed Sullivan had given it raves.


Paul Schoenstein

Why had Rabbi Neumann been moved to pan my coming of age? Because my cantor had been off-key? Because my Torah had been a paperback? No, he had panned it because it had been staged by my father, Paul Schoenstein, with a style more appropriate for the opening of a bridge. My father was city editor of the New York *Journal-American*, knew everyone, was proud of knowing everyone, and did things with an elegant excess that he called "traveling first-class." He felt that the God of Abraham rated the Perroquet Suite of the Waldorf-Astoria, where a 90-pound boy of thirteen made a welcoming speech to two mayors, three comedians, four judges, a dozen columnists, a ballroom dance team, a cabaret singer, a promising middleweight, and a record engineer. It was a bar mitzvah that could have been packaged for prime time and called *Stars Over Israel.*

There was comedy, music, and sex all at once when a sultry young blonde named Penny Edwards began to fondle my pompadour while singing a song rich with double entendre entitled "He's a Big Boy Now." One entendre, however, was wasted because I was so small that I looked like a Munchkin in a business suit and I was in a better position to arouse her kneecaps than her breasts.

When the song was over, my father, anesthetized by toasts to my maturity, walked up to the microphone with a great silly smile and replaced me as Penny Edwards's flame.

"Put your arm around me, honey," he said to her, and then he tried to sing "Embraceable You," but he lacked a certain command of the words.

"Embrace me . . . you . . . . Embrace me . . . . Replace me," he sang with a winged heart and a heavy tongue, and he probably would have said, "Deface me," had Penny not started to give him the words with a glee that revealed her awareness of what it meant to be molested by the city editor of the country's biggest evening paper.

"You're sweet, honey. . . . Keep your arm there. . . . Embrace me. . . . Embrace me . . . you sweet, untraceable you. . . . You're terrific, honey. . . . Call me at KLondike 5-2762. . . . Hey, Ralph, see how it's done?" he said while I sat embarrassed on the dais beside a friend named Ronnie, who said, with a reverence befitting a bar mitzvah day, "Hey, I think your old man's gettin' tit."

It was perhaps this mixture of theology and sex that moved Rabbi Neumann to view my bar mitzvah as the kind of Jewish event that strengthened Christianity. He was upset by all the celebrities at my Judeo-pagan rites, but each of them was my father's friend, and none was more treasured than Jimmy Walker, the songwriter who had also been a mayor of New York, the man who'd been driven from office by a commission that found no music in the corruption over which he unknowingly reigned.

Jimmy Walker

"Ralph, following you today is harder than following William Jennings Bryan," said Walker in his rich and polished voice while two of my aunts sighed noisily and Leonard Lyons began to write an item to appear in the New York *Post*. "You know, since the day when my two children went to see the circus with you, I have looked upon you with affectionate interest. But this morning . . . Ralph, this morning when I saw you embrace that Torah, I felt such a thrill and such pride in you. And now I'll tell you a little secret. Ralph, there was a goy in that temple today."

He could have been referring to my father, who spent less time in temples than the average archbishop. My father and Walker were more at home at a corner table in Toots Shor's, where I sometimes ate with them on Friday nights before we went to Madison Square Garden to see Henry Armstrong, Rocky Graziano, Gus Lesnevich, Willie Pep, Sugar Ray, or Beau Jack. I was the only child who ever

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Ralph Schoenstein is the author of Citizen Paul, *from which this article is excerpted. It will be published in September.*

Photo credits: UPI

"...'He's a helluva guy,' said my father of Tom Dewey. He would have made the remark after having a laugh with Attila the Hun..."

sat with the ringside working press, where my father loved to hold court, greeting dozens of men with an easy smile, a musical *"Hey,"* and then some conversational vamping while looking for the next old friend to hail. With a flair for insincerity that could have carried him to the White House had he not been Jewish, my father often seemed to be running for president of Madison Square Garden, although he already held a higher post. "You know, your old man is Mister New York," he told me one night before we saw LaMotta take on Sugar Ray. "That guy who just came over—Jim Farley—he made Roosevelt and I know him better than I know you."

Toots Shor

He said these same words so many times: He knew hundreds of people better than he knew me. Had I taken him literally, I would have stood in his world somewhere between the fire commissioner and the doorman at "21"; but by the time I was twelve, I knew that my father, like his friend Jimmy Walker, had a talent for converting bullshit into hyperbolic charm.

"You weren't really listening to Farley: You kept using non sequiturs," I told him, using a word I had just learned at school.

"Ah, he's as phony as a $3 bill," my father said, "but he's a helluva guy."

"Hey, *Tom!"* he suddenly called to the governor of New York, who stopped and said through a mouth that barely moved, "Hello, Paul. Nice to see you again." Thomas E. Dewey was as cold as my father was warm, but they were both good baritones who once sang a duet at the Legislative Correspondents Dinner in Albany, where I was again the token child.

"Is *he* as phony as a $3 bill?" I said when Dewey moved away.

"No, he's a helluva guy and a terrific executive," said my father, who might have made the same remark after having a laugh with Attila the Hun. "And did you hear how he talked to your old man?"

"Yeah, that was great. Did you really help him break Murder Incorporated?"

"I didn't do him any harm. You know, for a guy who never made it to high school, your old man has done pretty well. In fact, I sort of run this town."

Because it was hard to disbelieve anything my father ever said in his direct and disarming style, I did believe he was Mister New York, especially on that Saturday at the Waldorf-Astoria, when the man who helped him run the city, Mayor William O'Dwyer, walked up to the microphone and apologized for being late.

"I was stuck at City Hall settling a tugboat strike," he said. "You could have settled it faster, Paul. Those sailors would rather deal with one of their own."

O'Dwyer knew that my father had once been an able-bodied seaman, the most literate sixth-grade dropout ever to sail the Luckenbach line.

For the next few minutes, the mayor discussed his adviser, Paul Schoenstein, and my pride in my father's tugboat-strike-settling potential made me even more unbearable than I had been in my pompously squeaky synagogue speech.

"How many mayors did *your* bar mitzvah get?" I asked my friend Ronnie as we sat on the dais. I sounded as if I were collecting baseball cards.

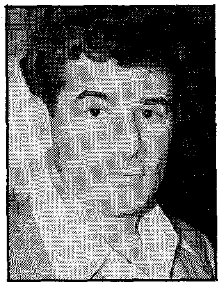
"Well, I had the head of Bloomingdale's," he said.

"And that's your best shot? Listen, you know what I call O'Dwyer? I call him *Uncle Bill."*

"And you know what my *father* calls him? A crook. He says that Walker was crooked too. Doesn't your old man know any *honest* mayors?"

"Of *course* he does," I said. "I went to the rodeo with La Guardia, didn't I?"

"And something's gonna come out on him—you just watch."



Rocky Graziano

After the party had ended, I asked my father if Jimmy Walker was an honest man, for he had been driven into exile, to Europe, after the corruption scandal.

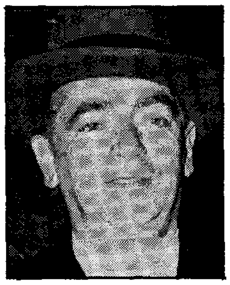
"Of *course* he's an honest man," he said. "He's a sweet guy." And then, while I tried to unscramble this offbeat theory of criminology, he gave me his boyish smile and said, "Your mother's uncle, the judge—now *there* was a crook. The bastard would take a red-hot stove."

I never knew my maternal great-uncle, the man who collected glowing stoves, but I knew Walker and O'Dwyer and saw the affection they felt for the editor who secretly handled their public relations. If a person had any potential for sweetness, my father was able to waken it. O'Dwyer, a cool and colorless man who managed to be Irish while having no charm, was roused to minimal merriness by my father, whom he often called to discuss a decision he was planning to make, and on many nights when I wanted to sit with my father and hear Ish Kabibble or Baby Snooks, he and my mother were summoned to Gracie Mansion to be companions for Uncle Bill.

"The poor guy has been so lonely since Kathleen died," my father told me one night when I wanted to settle by the radio with him.

"But do you have to go there so *often?"* I said.

"Poop," he said to me warmly, "Uncle Bill is alone and that's something we have never been. You don't know how lucky we are to have the family we do."



William O'Dwyer

My father's feeling for his family was passionate every day of his life, from the time when he dumped the first money he earned directly into his mother's lap, through the years when he welcomed my mother's parents at his table every night, to the time when he told me, "It would be wonderful if all of us lived together in one big house." In the summer of 1961, my wife and I and our new baby joined my sister, her husband, her child, and my parents in a big house in the country, where my father's dream of a cockeyed commune at last became reality. On July 6, I hit my brother-in-law in the face with a profoundly sincere right cross that upset my father even though it was the closest he had gotten to a Friday-night fight in years.

I did better with my Irish Catholic relatives like Uncle Bill. One Sunday morning in early September of 1949, I was sitting on the porch of Gracie Mansion, being less than spellbound by a conversation about the wages of garbage men, when O'Dwyer said that he was going to Syracuse next week for a speech.

"Hey, what a coincidence," my

father said. "Ralph goes to college next week, and it's a school just down the road from Syracuse. Two great men heading north at once."

"Okay, I'll tell you what I'll do," said my Uncle Bill. "I'll fly him right up there with me."

"In the police plane?" said my father.

"That's the one."

"Bill, wonderful!"

"And then the troopers can take us right to the school."

I felt my stomach go into reverse.

"But Hamilton's a classy little place," I said, "and I just can't go *into* it that way. I mean, *listen,* Poop, it's enough that I'm *Jewish.* Do I also need the *state police?*"

I was still debating these travel plans on the day that my father put my suitcase into a taxi for the ride to Gracie Mansion. We rode silently for a couple of minutes and then he suddenly took his face out of the *Daily News* and said, "Poop, you can smoke and drink now if you want, but be kind of careful with the women up there."

I was so embarrassed by his becoming Polonius that I was able to make no reply. I was also amused by the quaintness of this man, who had been smoking and drinking since he was ten, giving me his solemn permission to do so as a freshman of sixteen. I happened to have no desire to either smoke or drink, but I did sprout intermittent erections that I was never able to place and so a suggestion to be careful with women was hardly the coaching I needed right then.

Kate Smith

As we continued riding east, I waited for my father to talk more sex. He was both a boy of the streets and a man of Brooks Brothers and so I was hoping that he could tell me how to enter somebody's panties with an earthy yet elegant style; but the words "be kind of careful with women" were followed by no specific tips, and they remained the only sexual data my father ever gave to me, except for when he said, "Al Capone died of syphilis, you know."

A few minutes later, as I rode to the airport in a Cadillac limousine, O'Dwyer turned to me and said, "Son, never forget the Constitution."

This seemed to be a political version of my father's sexual advice—what a day of momentous one-liners for me!—and again I awaited elaboration, though I didn't mind receiving none because the Constitution concerned me less than my glands.

Irving Berlin

During the flight to Utica in a Police Department plane, I thought about my father's flair for extraordinary entrances. A month before, we had gone to a closed-circuit showing of a heavyweight championship fight at the Astor Theater in Times Square. The crowd outside the theater was dense and it didn't part like the Red Sea for us, but my father was always at his best in a crisis, especially one that threatened his prestige. He took out his press card and flashed it at a nearby sergeant of police, who was as impressed as if he had just been officially shown the jack of spades.

"Poop, what're we gonna *do?*" I said while somebody's elbow was exploring one of my kidneys. "I don't think we're gonna make it this time. We should've gotten *tickets.*"

Galvanized by hearing his son say such a defeatist word as "ticket," he suddenly crashed his way through the crowd and led me right up to the door.

"Everything all right here, Captain?" he said to the officer in charge.

"All in good shape, sir," said the captain with a smart salute as my father and I walked into the theater to see Charles defend his title as heavyweight champion of the world.

"Jesus, that's the greatest one you ever pulled," I told my father with the awe deserved by a man who had just impersonated a police inspector.

"Always do everything as if you belonged there," he replied.

And now I had to pretend that I belonged in a state-police car that was taking a mayor and me to my school. *My God,* I thought as the siren wailed, *I'll have to stay at Hamilton for postgraduate work to live this down.* I had, however, underrated my father's common sense, which sometimes broke through when he wasn't pretending to be an inspector of police. About 100 yards from the dormitory in which I was to live, just as I was trying to climb into one of the car's ashtrays, my father said, "Bill, let's get out here and walk the rest of the way."

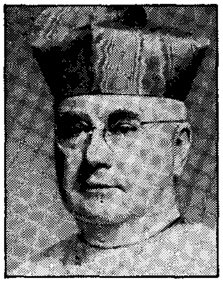
O'Dwyer quickly stopped the car, and the three of us walked up to the dorm; and when we reached it, O'Dwyer grabbed my heavy bag and took it inside, a gesture that delighted my father, who constantly waited for life to give him moments that could be pictures for page one.

That evening in the dorm, one of my roommates said to me, "I saw your old man carrying your bag when you came in."

"That wasn't my old man," I told him. "That was the mayor of New York."

"And I'm the f--kin' pope," he replied.

My father never knew the pope, but he called Cardinal Spellman "Frank" at the annual I Am an American Day, when the *Journal-American* lured thousands of immigrants to a glorious circulation boost at the mall in Central Park. How my father enjoyed every moment of this event, from exchanging cordial lies with political hacks to persuading the cops to overestimate the crowd.


Cardinal Spellman

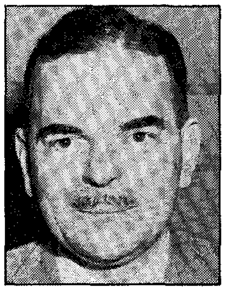
"Looks like a million here today, Chief," my father would say while scanning 80,000 immigrants, pickpockets, and bums.

"You could call it nearly a million, Paul," the police inspector would reply and my father would mentally write a headline that said 'JOURNAL' OUTDRAWS ELLIS ISLAND.

One Sunday afternoon in June, a year or two after the end of the war, this magical million in Central Park almost saw an incredible unrehearsed scene. A few minutes before the opening prayer, Irving Berlin told the publisher of the *Journal* that he would not share a stage with Kate Smith. He had developed the curious notion that she was a "bigot" who thought of Jews as "the little people." Of course, almost everybody, no matter what religion or race, was a little person compared to Kate Smith; but here was the composer of "God Bless America" refusing to sit beside the woman who had made the song a new national anthem.

At once the publisher came to my father and said, "Paul, we've got big trouble: Irving Berlin won't be seen with Kate Smith. He says she doesn't like Jews."

"Why don't we ask her?" said my father with a smile.


Thomas E. Dewey

"Paul, he's *serious.* He may walk out."

"Relax, Joe, I'll handle him. Meanwhile let's keep her away from him—

"... Here was the composer of 'God Bless America' refusing to sit beside Kate Smith, who had made it a new national anthem ..."

we'll take her for pictures behind the bandstand—and we'd better warm up somebody else to sing the song—just in case. Maybe Bojangles could do it."

"That would be a lovely touch," the publisher said.

"Hey, wouldn't it be a helluva note," said my father, "if we found a picture of Kate Smith singing 'God Bless America' for the Klan?"

My father was unable to match his publisher's concern, because the crisis was feeding his love of drama, and now he was savoring a headline that said, BERLIN TO SMITH: 'BLESS SOMETHING ELSE.' And for the second edition, it could be freshened to say, BERLIN TO SMITH: 'KISS OFF, KATE.'

Paul Schoenstein made Irving Berlin hold onto his seat on that Sunday in June, partly by persuasion "from one little person to another" and partly by singing to him the first few bars of "What'll I Do?" Only the thought of an embarrassment to his precious *Journal-American* had enabled my father to serenade America's greatest songwriter without a drink.

On a Friday night a few months after that I Am an American Day, I walked into the grand ballroom of Albany's DeWitt Clinton Hotel to meet my father at a dinner that was roasting Governor Dewey. The moment he saw me coming in, his arm shot up as if hailing a cab and he smiled glowingly and cried, "*Hey!*" Then he began introducing me to newspapermen with the words "This is my son, Ralph, who's only great."

"Your father's told me a lot about you," seventeen people said to me.

There was, of course, nothing to tell except that I could hit a ball two sewers and had wet the bed until I was twelve; but nevertheless my father described me as if he were doing public relations for the Baby Jesus. He had given me a biography of Andrew Jackson that was inscribed "To the world's greatest man."

"Are you going to win a Pulitzer prize too?" one of the reporters said to me.

"Oh . . . I don't know . . . I hope," I brightly said.

"It'll be the Nobel prize for him," my father said.

The man being roasted at that Albany dinner had been a new Manhattan district attorney in 1938 when my father, a new city editor, had gotten some vital information for him about the underworld by having a reporter hold a racketeer's lover in a room at the Warwick Hotel for a week.

"Her name was Nancy," my father told me, "and she was gorgeous. I sent along a sob sister to get the stuff that Dewey needed, and it was a historic moment for Nancy: the first time she had ever been in a hotel room with a woman."

"The Warwick is a pretty swell place," I said.

"Of course. I always kidnap first-class."

It was ironic that my father's hobby was holding people in hotel rooms, because he himself had claustrophobia and must have told me, "No, no, don't close the door," even more often than he asked me, "Who's the greatest man in the world?" I was always slow to reply to this question because it was one with two right answers, neither of which was Albert Schweitzer. The greatest man in the world was either one of us: We shared the title the way we shared his socks and ties and the name "Poop."

Dewey was my father's best chance to move up from Mister New York to Mister United States, but Dewey fell short of the White House because of a personal quirk—total insensitivity—that I saw displayed on a night in the forties when he gave my father and me a lift after seeing a fight at the Polo Grounds. As our car with the license "NY 1" and the police escort moved into Harlem, Dewey told the driver to turn the siren on for me. When it began to sound, I stupidly began to wave at the surly black faces on the garbage-filled streets, and more than one of them must have mused, *Who is the little white motherf - - ker that needs an air-raid drill to get home?*

My father, however, was not upset that Dewey was waking half of Harlem as a little entertainment for me. Paul Schoenstein was once again traveling first-class, this time returning triumphantly to the unlikely neighborhood where his family had lived as a little lost tribe of Israel.

"I was born right over there—off Lenox Avenue—and it was a dull day when I didn't have at least a couple of fights," he said as the siren screamed and Dewey grinned and I waved like a pygmy king at the people who were deciding to vote for Harry Truman. "Sometimes you would say good morning to a guy before you hit him in the mouth and sometimes you would skip the etiquette."

"But what was your family doing up *here?*" I said. "I mean, you were *white.*"

"Oh, yeah, we were always white," he replied, "but it was all we could afford. My father was a bookbinder; he should've been a book*maker* like everybody else."

Many years after our conquest of Harlem, when I was doing a column for the *Journal-American,* my father had another chance to attach himself to a rising Republican: I brought to his office a handsome young congressman named John V. Lindsay, whom I had called "a Republican Kennedy." As Lindsay and I approached the city desk, my father's hand shot up and he cried, "Hey, Mister President!"

I cringed and felt enraged, for I had asked my father not to treat Lindsay as if he were the poster boy for the March of Dimes, but to be taken seriously by my father, you had to be either the governor, the mayor, or my mother.

"Nice to see you, Mister President," he said while I smilingly ground my teeth and fixed him with a look that said, *For God's sake, Poop, he's a* congressman, *so cut the patronizing crap!*

But Lindsay, like Dewey, was a man with an Episcopalian smile, and my father preferred the politicians who were lit from within. The night that this light left Jimmy Walker, my father conquered his dread of hospitals to be one of two people who sat with Walker at Doctors Hospital till he died. And on the morning of the funeral, my father played a splendidly offbeat role for a Jewish boy: He was the doorman of St. Patrick's Cathedral, where he stood on the steps and told the police which people could be let inside. Had Rabbi Neumann seen him smartly directing all that Catholic traffic, he would have said in pious disgust, "Well, what can you expect from the man who gives his son a Ringling Brothers bar mitzvah?"

For almost an hour, my father commanded those steps as if he were a maître d' and St. Patrick's were a theological Toots Shor's. A few minutes before the Mass began, a beefy man he had turned away was heard to angrily ask a cop, "Who does that bastard think he is?"

I could have told him the answer, of course. The bastard thought he was Mister New York. ■

BEST BETS

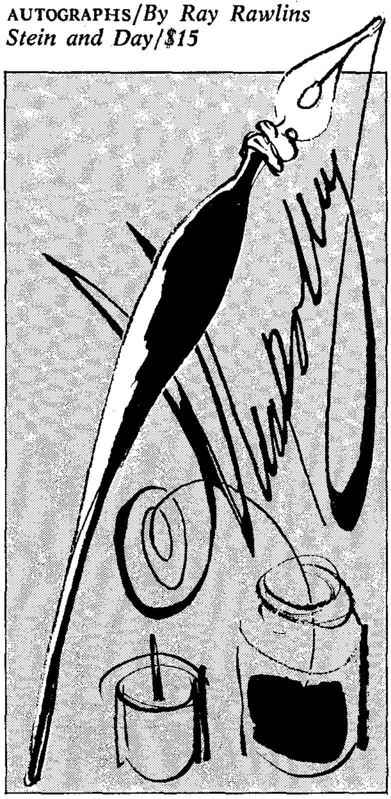
Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

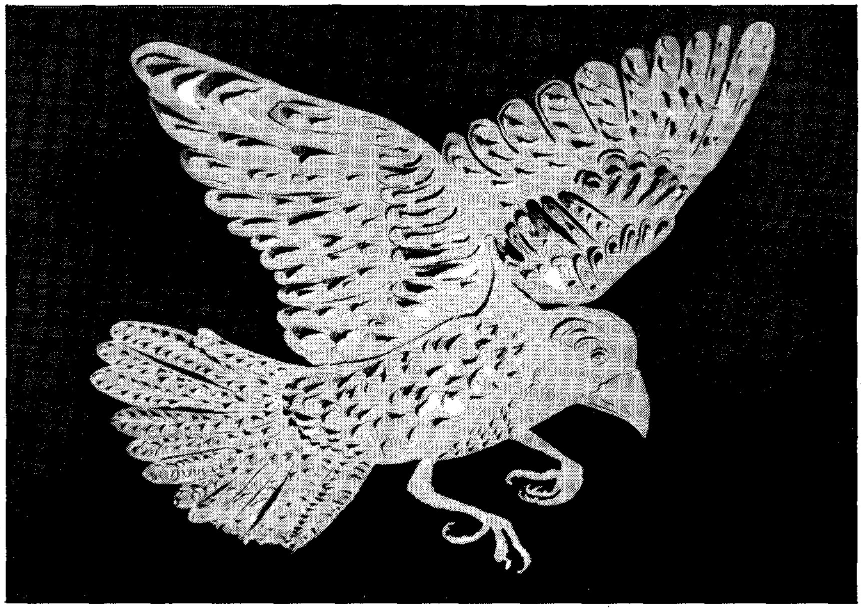
By Ellen Stern

In Their Own Write

Anne Boleyn signed herself "Anne the quene." Pierre Bonnard applied one signature to his paintings, another to his letters. Liberace draws a candlelit grand piano below his name. Although there are some oddly deficient biographical notes in *The Stein and Day Book of World Autographs* (e.g., Richard Rodgers "wrote the scores for the musicals *The King and I* and *The Sound of Music*"; Elizabeth Taylor is an "Anglo-American film actress. Twice married to actor Richard Burton"), it is great fun for graphologists, forgers, and the curious.

THE STEIN AND DAY BOOK OF WORLD AUTOGRAPHS/*By Ray Rawlins*
Stein and Day/$15

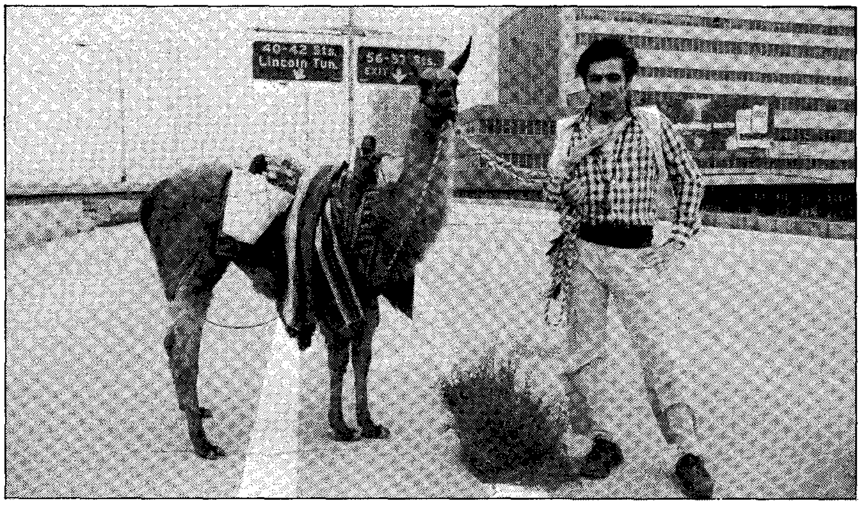




The Birds

Since Annie O'Neill got a hammer, she hammers in the morning, she hammers in the evening, all over her land. And what she hammers are birds of steel (after she has cut them out with an oxyacetylene torch). She gets them sprayed at the local auto-body shop, so she can deliver owls of taxi yellow, hawks of Cadillac blue, swans, ruffed grouses, ospreys, and kiwis in all sorts of speedy colors. The birds stand five to eight feet tall, but most prefer to sit in trees. They range from $350 to $800.

ANNIE O'NEILL/*(914) 255-5508*


40-42 Sts.
Lincoln Tun.
56-57 Sts.
Exit

Martin Had a Little Llama

Martin Muñoz (right) and Chiqui the llama (left) were born in Argentina. Martin lives in the Bronx and Chiqui in a stable. They spend their days apart (while Martin drives a hansom cab) but their evenings together, walking from hotel to hotel, where the tourists are. Martin sells flowers and ponchos and he takes your picture posing with Chiqui. But his passion is alerting the world to the plight of ill-starred animals. Chiqui wears a copper-and-wood piece that Martin carved. Martin wears signs and placards damning animal traps and vivisection, hunting and vicuña coats, and the perfumes, fertilizers, and dog foods made from murdered whales. "People just think I'm an eccentric person," he says, "but I am an information center that walks."

MARTIN AND CHIQUI/*At or around the New York Hilton, the Americana, Rockefeller Center/Most evenings 10 p.m. to 2 a.m.*

Credits: bottom left—Elizabeth Van Itallie; bottom right—Bettina Cirone

Theater/John Simon

WHEN LESS IS NOT MORE

"…A show as dreadful as *Piano Bar* clearly has neither sense nor decency, or it wouldn't have opened. And it is still here…"

When I left **Piano Bar** after 25 minutes—though five would have been enough—I hoped that this self-styled musical would have the sense and decency to leave just as quickly upon publication of the reviews. The notices came out and, except for those of a couple of pathological yea-sayers, were duly negative; yet, as I should have guessed, a show as dreadful as this clearly has neither sense nor decency, or it wouldn't have opened. And it is still here, worse luck.

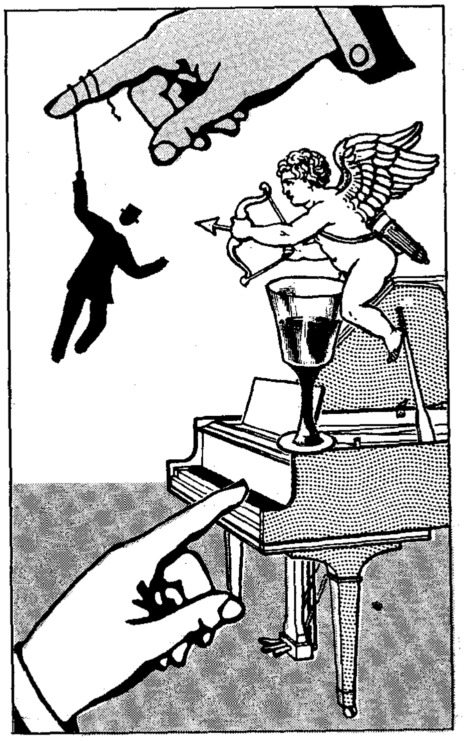
The conceit (in both senses) is of a piano bar called Sweet Sue's, presided over by a piano player who is also a combination Cupid and cruise director, into which, on a rainy evening, wander four random, troubled, and wet cardboard figures (rain is particularly merciless to cardboard) with the classic problems of characters in C-movies and F-musicals since time began. Conveniently, they are an older man, an older woman, a young man, and a young woman; after their arrival, the door seems to have been locked, for no further customers intrude on this fearful symmetry. While the bartender, who has at least the salient virtue of barely opening his mouth, dispenses consolatory beverages, or perhaps truth drugs, a few telephone calls and the piano player (who may also be Providence) start the four imbibers on the road to self-revelation and falling in love, presto magico, according to age group and by the numbers.

Though the program says, "Story by Doris Willens and Rob Fremont," this is an obvious lie, there being no such thing; it also says, "Music by Rob Fremont, Lyrics by Doris Willens," and here the lies are less obvious—at any rate, less so than the music and lyrics. Mr. Fremont's chief previous experience was as a piano-bar pianist; he is now vice president of Dover Publications. Miss Willens has been mostly a reporter and business-page writer, and is now a vice-president of the Doyle Dane Bernbach advertising agency. Who would have thought that a mere brace of vice-presidents could come up with so many vicious platitudes?

What the two authors have in common is long-time membership in Lehman Engel's BMI Musical Theater Workshop. A later number in the show is entitled "New York Cliché," but an early surfeit of that sort of thing would have made staying for it a redundancy. If there is one cliché of word or music writing that the authors avoid, it would have constituted my one surprise had I been able to endure more than 25 minutes. The very rhymes could, even on a rainy evening, be seen slouching toward us from a mile off.

The performances are appropriately banal under Albert Takazauckas's mechanistic direction; only Kelly Bishop (so good in *A Chorus Line*) manages to keep her head above the mud and treacle. *Piano Bar* was offered us by Lantern Productions, and if the lamp is still burning, business must be good at Dover Publications and Doyle Dane Bernbach, for which I am sincerely glad, though less than grateful.

The one time I had a protracted conversation with John Gielgud, many years ago, we discovered a common affection for James Barrie's **Mary Rose.**



This fantasy is fairly closely related to *Dear Brutus*, than which it is less good, and *Peter Pan*, than which it plays less well. But in spite of a healthy success at its 1920 London premiere, warranting revivals in 1926 and 1929, *Mary Rose*, about a girl who disappears for a few weeks as a child on a small, mysterious island of the Hebrides and vanishes on it again as a young wife and mother for a quarter century, only to come back totally unchanged as an embarrassment to her loving family, is no longer popular. In the end, she haunts, as a rather confused ghost, her childhood home, to be finally released from her onerous role as a solitary, infantile, and unhappy revenant by the return of her son, who in his prime seems old to her, and whom she does not recognize, but whose sympathy releases her to her extramundane destiny.

Mary Rose lacks the philosophical clarity of *Dear Brutus*, the seeming cheerfulness and manifest appeal to children of *Peter Pan*; hence, partly, its current neglect. The Canadian novelist and playwright Robertson Davies is also right in saying concerning it that "people [nowadays] do not like to be told that the uncanny is as near to you as the coat you wear." But the main problem is the undeniable dating of Barrie's language and mentality; yet that is fatal only where there is no genuine underlying vision. *Mary Rose* has that and could still hold the interest and stage, though a less elusive symbolism would make things easier for us.

What this patently fragile play desperately needs, however, is masterly staging and acting. It demands, first of all, more opulent and suggestive visual effects than the small stage and limited budget of the Lion Theater Company can afford. Larry Carpenter's production cannot even make clear that the main action is revealed to Harry, the son, in a dream or vision; the difficult ending is completely botched. Mary Rose does not look ghostlier and more translucent than before; the call of the island, which is supposed to be both musical (but with better music than Philip Campanella's) and verbal (the calling of Mary Rose's name, which

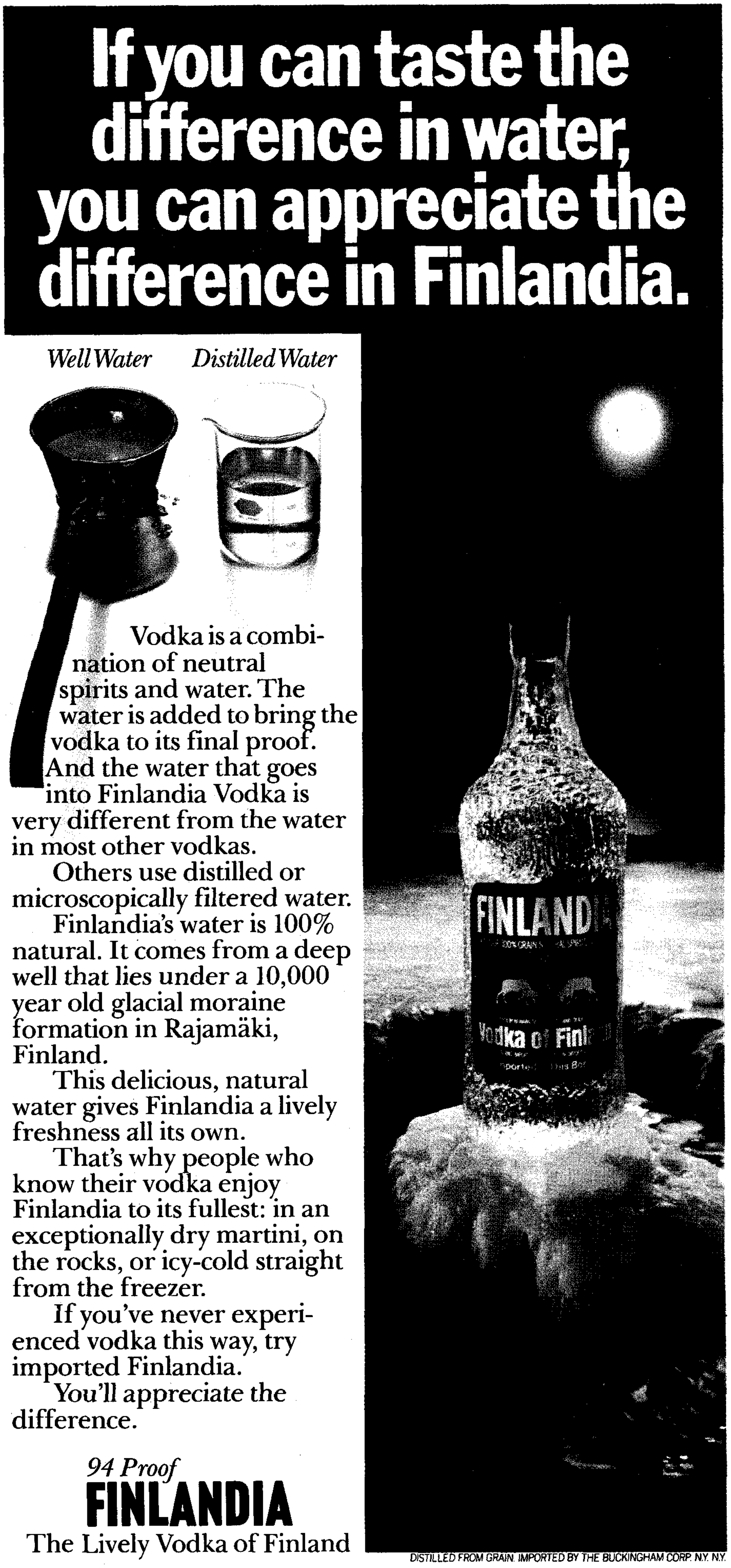
Illustrated by Leavenworth Jackson

this production wholly shies away from), does not have the required magic appeal; and Mary Rose, confronting the star-emblazoned night sky, is not summoned by "the smallest star [that] shoots down for her," and does not, with outstretched arms, walk out "through the window into the empyrean."

Not all of this is lack of theatrical resources. There is also the unimaginative staging by Larry Carpenter, and the uneasiness of a 1978 production about facing up to what many people today would call rank sentimentality. I admit that it is hard now to tackle dialogue like "Darling rowan tree, are you glad to see me back?" and "Come to me, ghostie; I wish you would." Yet conviction must be summoned up, and, beyond it, talent and finesse.

Unfortunately, Julia MacKenzie, on whom falls the difficult task of embodying the more and more disembodied heroine, is nowhere near up to it. She tries valiantly, but unsubtly and repetitiously; the required mysterious charm, delicately varied dosage of sweetness and feyness, the luminous transparency that in all my theatergoing days in America I encountered only in Julie Haydon, are unavailable to her. Most of the others are at least competent, but competent is inadequate for such a gossamer fantasy. It also seems a serious piece of imperceptiveness not to have cast, as in the original production, the same actor as father and son. Holmes Easley's settings, however, are a very nice try under the circumstances, and lovers of this genre should probably not be deterred from seeing *Mary Rose* despite everything.

The Price of Genius, written by Betty Neustat and produced by the Interart Theater, is a commendable effort to bring us a dramatization of the life of Sister Juana Inéz de la Cruz, the seventeenth-century Mexican writer, artist, scientist, and theologian, whom, as a woman, that particular society could do nothing better with than send to a nunnery and, directly or indirectly, stifle and kill. To do full justice to the material would have required better writing than Neustat's earnest and intelligent but unsoaring concatenation of episodes, and greater technical means than this production, ambitious as it is for Off–Off Broadway, can lay claim to. Susan Lehman's direction is, under the circumstances, impossible to evaluate; among the performers, only Susan Stevens, as the heroine, and Patricia Mertens, as her abbess, pass muster. But the story is moving and worth knowing, and this may just be the handiest introduction to it. ▬



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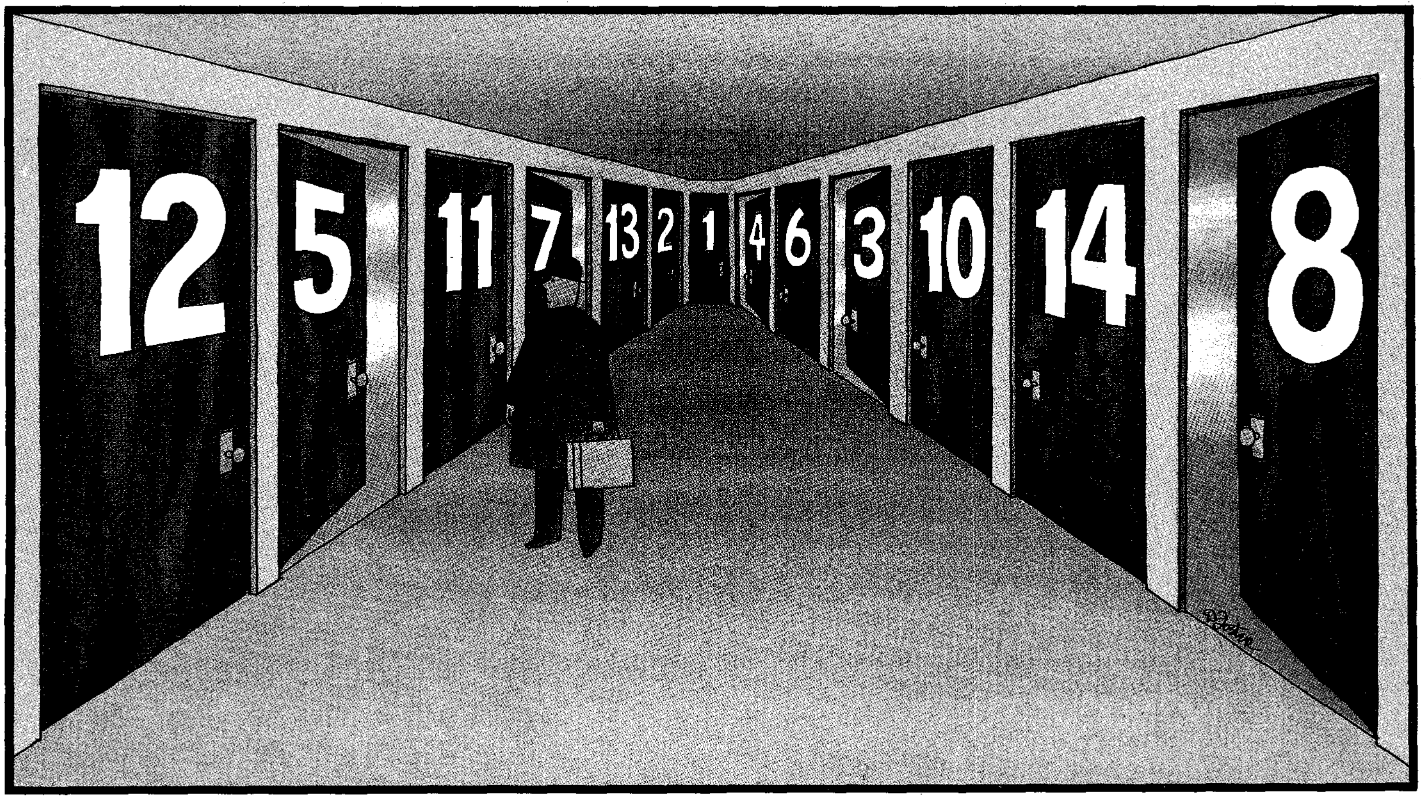
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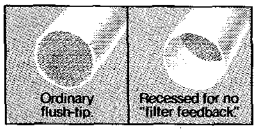
Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."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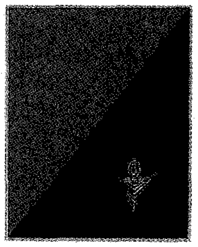

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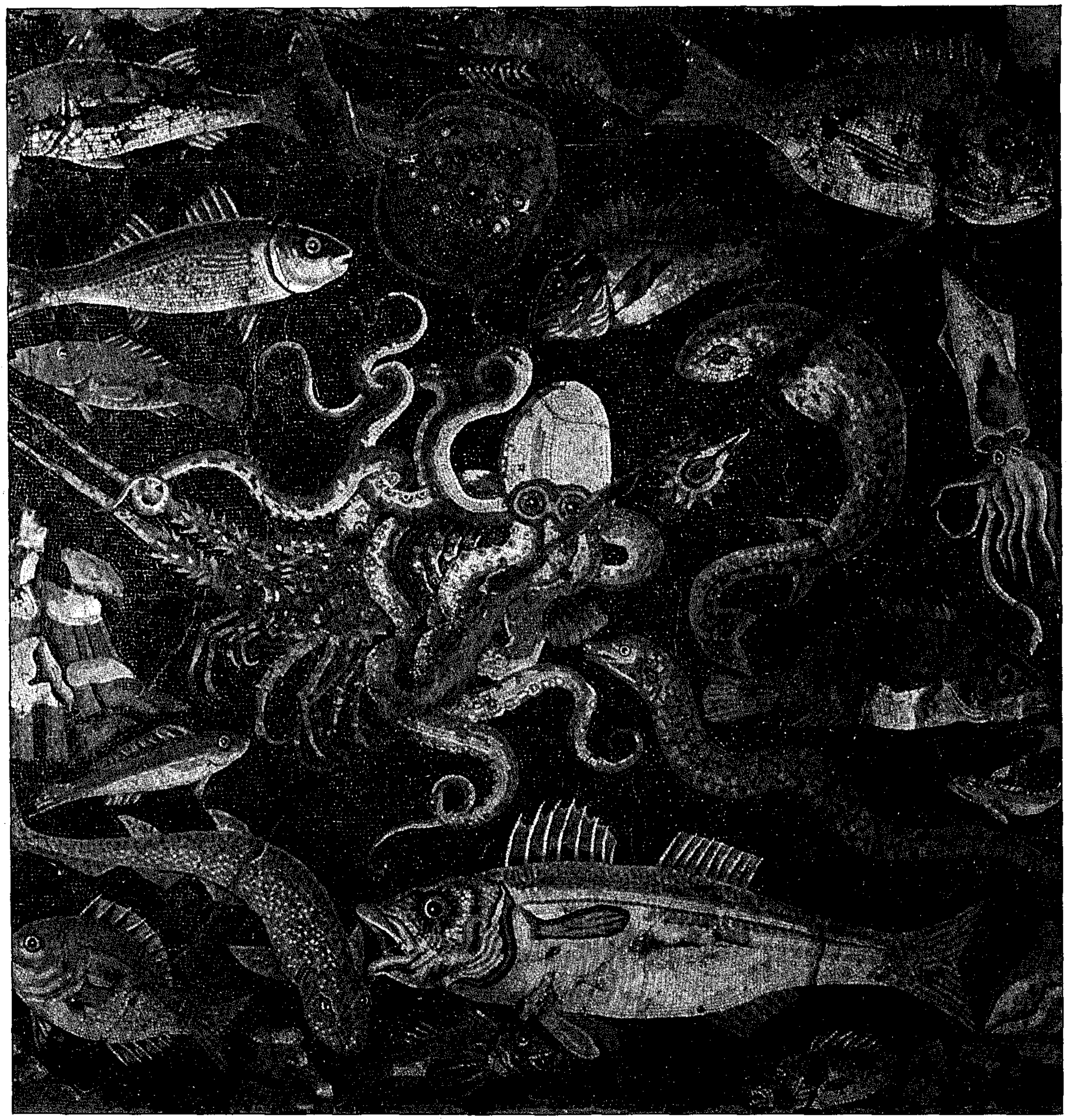
Art/John Ashbery

OUT OF THE ASHES

"...The treasures at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston leave an extraordinary impression of the day time stopped for Pompeii..."



Fish in chips: *A mosaic from a fishmonger's stall in Pompeii, graphically depicting varieties of denizens of the deep that are still being fished for in the Bay of Naples today.*

The last days of Pompeii are now on in Boston—**Pompeii A.D. 79,** that is, the blockbusting show of Pompeiian art and artifacts that broke attendance records in Europe and has now begun its American tour. It closes in Boston July 16, to reopen at the Art Institute of Chicago in August. It will travel to Dallas and finally to New York, where it will be at the Museum of Natural History from April to August 1979.

Anyone toying with the idea of a trip to Boston is urged to get there before the show closes. It's fabulous. If a further inducement were necessary (and none should be, in the case of this newly spruce and lively city, whose revived waterfront district puts New York to shame), the Museum of Fine Arts has, in addition to the Pompeii show, a retrospective of Richard Estes which confirms his position as one of our leading realist painters. This show is not coming to New York—rather ironically, since most of the paintings in it are views of this city. It will close in Boston on August 6 and afterward be seen in Toledo, Kansas City, and at the Hirshhorn Museum, in Washington.

Pompeii A.D. 79, whose American

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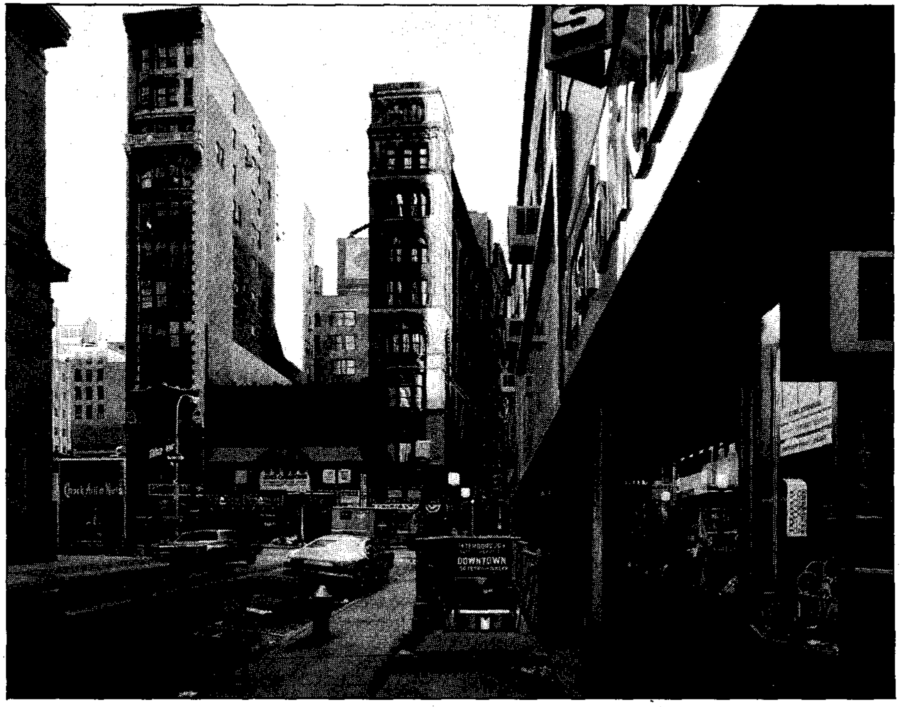
". . . Richard Estes's accuracy goes much deeper than photographic realism . . ."



Urban renewal: *Richard Estes's* Downtown *(1978), at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts.*

tour is being funded by Xerox and the National Endowment for the Humanities, has been masterfully installed in Boston. It begins lugubriously with a cross section of the volcanic debris that smothered the city on a sunny August day in the year 79, and with plaster casts of two of the victims: a dog chained to a post and a young woman stretched out on the ground, her head covered with her tunic. As G. W. Bowersock noted recently in *Harvard* magazine: "The cities of Vesuvius are quite unlike most excavated cities. Their life was unalterably stopped at a precise moment."

The section of the show entitled "People" includes some of the most famous painted and sculpted portraits from the National Archeological Museum in Naples, which, together with the Antiquarium at Pompeii, has lent most of the objects on display. One of these is a portrait of a couple, the woman holding a stylus to her lips, the man touching his chin with a scroll. Most memorable of all is a mosaic portrait of a young woman in which the subtle play of light on flesh and the conveyed conviction that is a "speaking likeness" would seem to be impossible to achieve in this medium.

"The House" reunites not only furnishings and utensils but a number of the wall paintings which are the glory of the Naples Museum, and which one would have thought too fragile to travel. Among these are feathery landscapes in dull greens and grays, of the kind which are supposed to have reminded Renoir of Corot, and which also seem to anticipate Guardi; and mythological scenes in the fashionable Greek taste, as regards both style and subject matter. One of the finest is a highly dramatic painting of Theseus with the dead Minotaur.

The greatest Pompeiian paintings are the frescoes on the walls of the Villa of the Mysteries. They could not travel, of course, but they have been reproduced in a series of photomurals in the section of the show dealing with "Rites and Beliefs." This enigmatic and disturbing sweep of nearly life-size figures, most of them female, around the four sides of a room is, even in reproduction, one of the high points of the show.

Despite the presence of the god Dionysus and numerous references in the painting to Dionysian rites, the subject remains obscure, although it seems to deal with the ritual purging of a bride in preparation for an earthly or spiritual marriage. In a way it prefigures by almost 1,500 years the complex dramas of Uccello and Piero della Francesca.

Some of the famous erotica which have given Pompeii an unjust reputation for lubricity over other contemporary cities are included in the "Leisure" segment. *O tempora, O mores!* Only a few years ago you had to bribe

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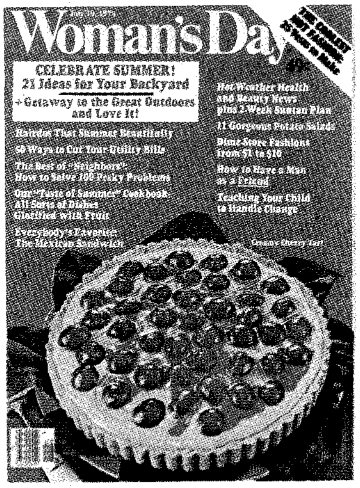
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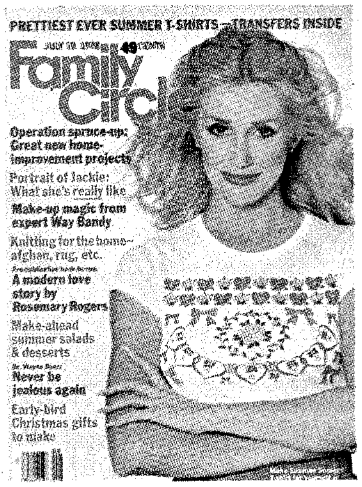
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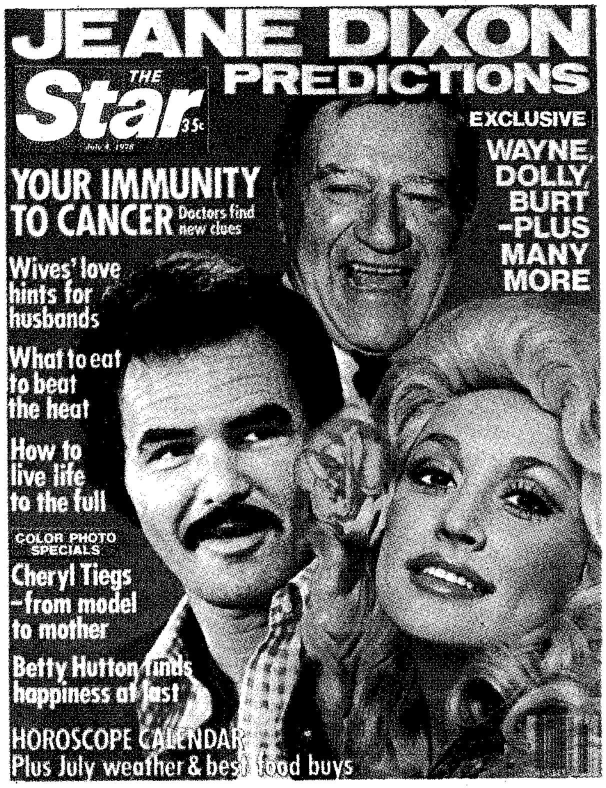
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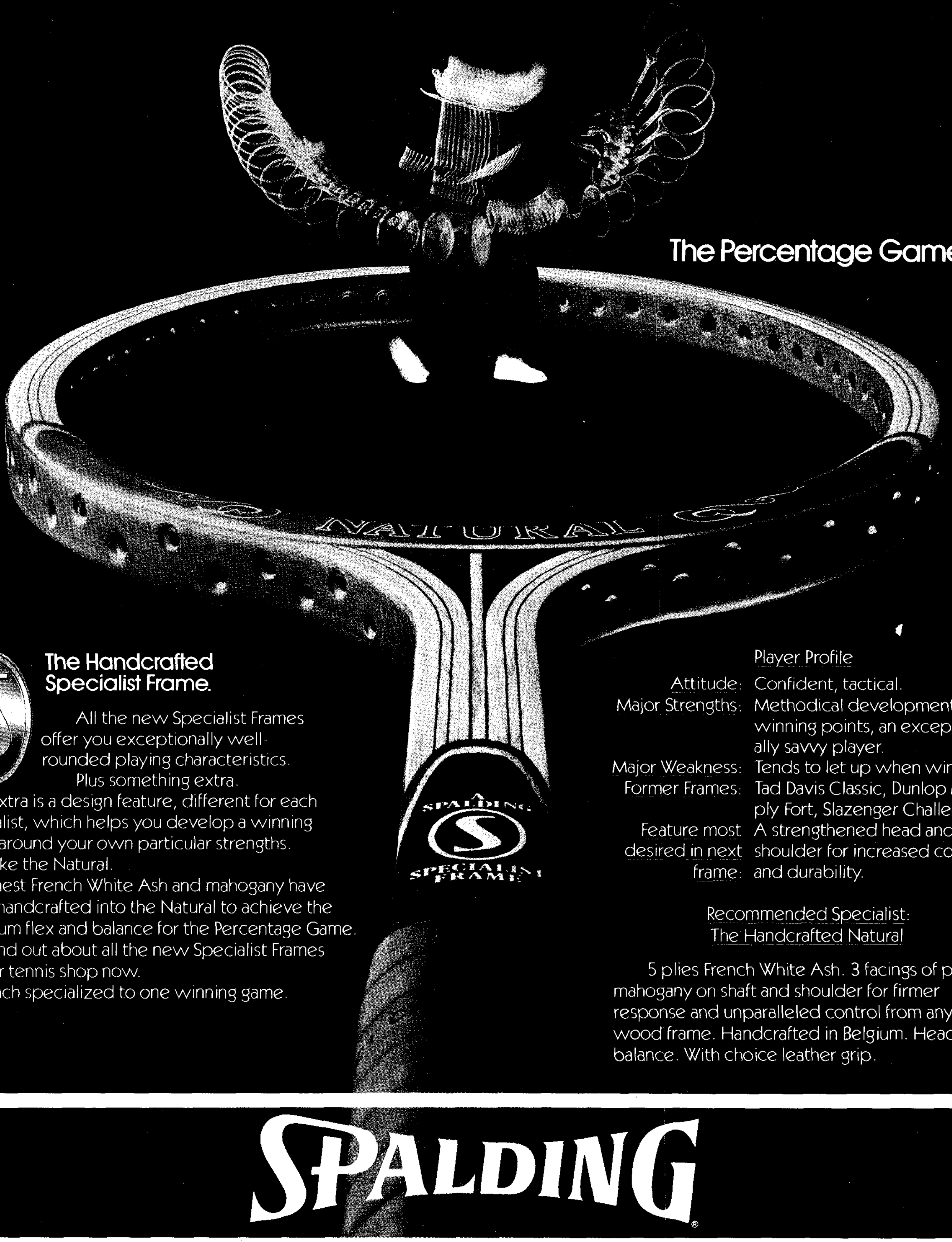

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the guard at the Naples Museum to let you into the small "inferno" where these items were kept. This was accompanied by a certain amount of melodrama of the "If the boss *finds* out I'll lose my job" variety, and women were not allowed in at all. Now, however, the lorgnettes of Beacon Hill can focus unhindered on the rather mild (and, in comparison with the other paintings on view, inept) scenes of debauchery and the omnipresent phalluses, which are explained as fertility symbols but which also suggest that most of the Pompeiian populace had a healthy interest in sex.

It's impossible to summarize the variety of the show, which is that of a civilization. People familiar with the treasures of Pompeii will probably find that their favorite pieces have been left behind, but that is unavoidable. Those that are on display, taken together, leave an extraordinary impression of the day time stopped for Pompeii, with lunch on the table and loaves in the oven, and talk to us in a language which is both remote and also fresh and familiar.

From the streets of Pompeii to the streets of **Richard Estes**'s New York is perhaps not so broad a jump as it might seem, for Estes records a world from which man is mostly absent but where signs of his activity are everywhere, from the items displayed in a candy-store window to the trash in the streets.

He has, I think, been erroneously lumped with "hyper-realists" like Duane Hanson, who are concerned with compiling a meticulously accurate but dead record of American life at its most prosaic or even monstrous, with all warts intact. The show in Boston made me realize that beyond Estes's consummate mastery of "illusionism," there is something alive and breathing in his work. Not life, exactly, but an atmosphere, a tone close to Impressionism, which in painting of such austere realism strikes a fantastic note.

It is especially evident in one painting where Estes leaves the supermarkets, dry cleaners, and luncheonettes of the Upper West Side and gives us a smart, deserted street in Paris, lined with Citroëns and distilling the lucid gray gloom of a Paris afternoon with an accuracy that goes much deeper than photographic realism. Seldom in contemporary painting have the actual look of things and their gestalt been made to mesh so perfectly. Though the subtitle of his show is "The Urban Landscape," it seems that these paintings are actually portraits of us, who, for better or for worse, made our surroundings look the way they do. ▬

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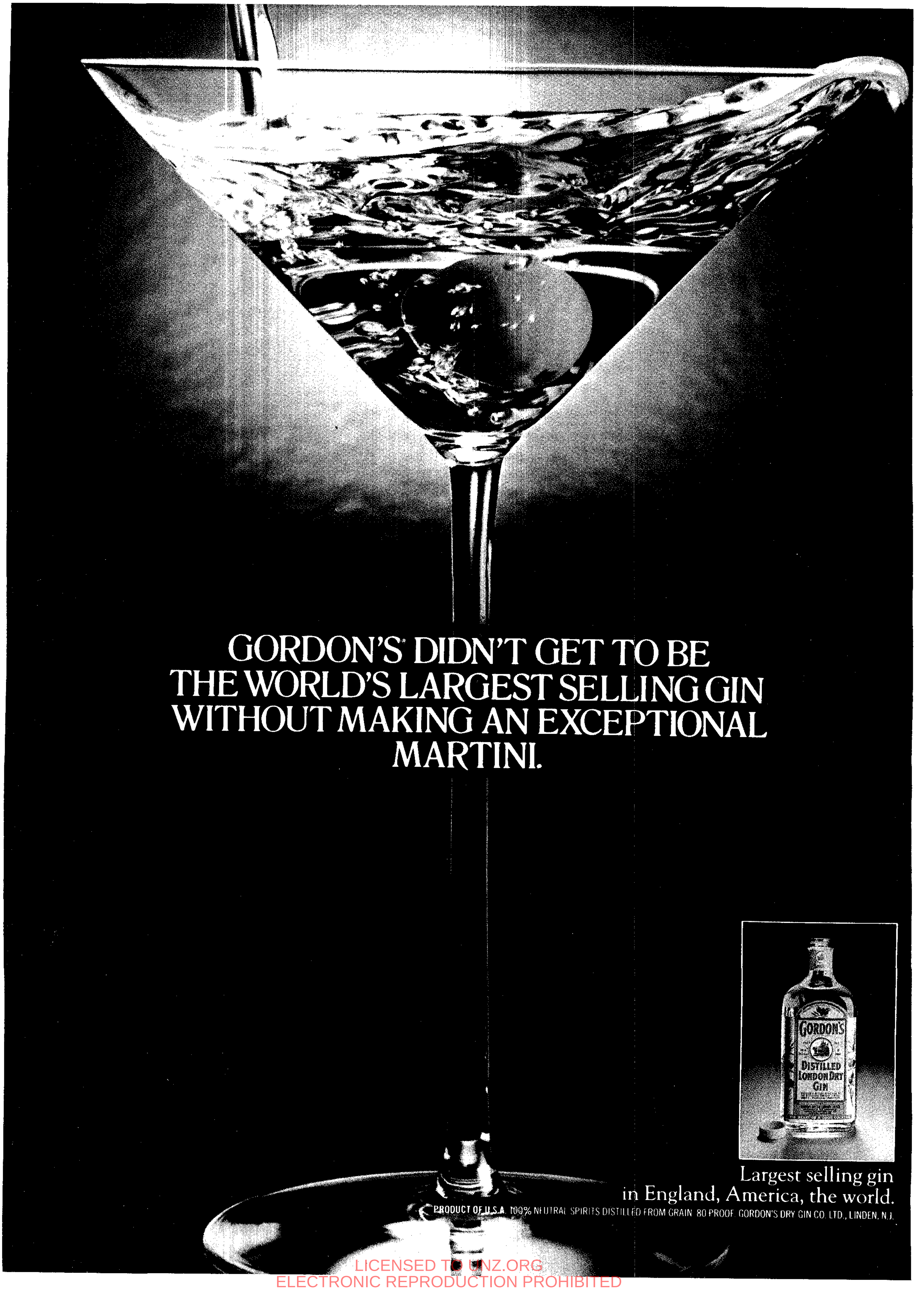
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LOOKS AREN'T EVERYTHING

"... Il Menestrello is tasteless but comfortable posh, the quintessence of New York's more ambitious Italian restaurants..."

A disregard for appearances suggests preoccupation with higher considerations. **Il Menestrello**, which has supplanted the slightly mourned Le Mistral on East 52nd Street, has taken on the French appointments of its predecessor, changing hardly a stick, even though the new establishment is of thoroughly Italian persuasion. "What does it matter what we look like," these Italians ask, in effect, "as long as we run a good place?"

And, after a slow start of too many months' duration, this *is* a good place, one of midtown's more reliable Italian restaurants, on a level with San Marco and the 50th Street Giambelli when those places are on their better behavior. Il Menestrello, however, is more relaxed than most of the big-deal Italian restaurants in its neighborhood; and things could hardly be otherwise in so wacky a setting, for at Il Menestrello such mouthfuls as "ravioli al sugo di carne alla Romana" and "spigola con funghi e salza di pomidoro" are swallowed in dining rooms that are dominated by murals of sunlit southern France, painted tricolors flapping in the breezes over the sea and sands around Cannes and Nice.

Italianate touches have been added, however: There has been a dramatic general darkening of the room, with brighter light focused on the high points, so that the rough plaster walls (the color of old ivory) and the dark-brown ceiling beams are now somber and heavy, the crimson-velvet banquettes brilliant, almost gaudy in this setting; and to the scenes of the Riviera that Jean Pagès painted on these walls more than a decade ago have been added a few five-and-dime oils in ornate frames, including one of a boy and his guitar, the former singing, for "menestrello" means "minstrel."

All of which adds up to the slightly tasteless but comfortable posh that is the quintessential quality of New York's more ambitious Italian restaurants. Angelo's and Alfredo, Benito's and Barbetta, Forlini's and Orsini's, all are innocent eyesores with the position in New York restaurant design held in architecture by Miami Beach hotels.

In such a setting it is startling to encounter purity and simplicity. Yet for the price of one fin you may begin your dinner with food of almost chaste refinement. The dish is called insalata di funghi freschi; it consists, principally, of fresh, fragrant mushrooms, pale as cream, sliced to parchment thinness, and dressed copiously in a gentle vinaigrette, so that each pearly sliver is rich with seasoned oil; the mushrooms are mingled with chopped celery, hard and crackling, an inspired counterpoint.

Bresaola is the salted dried beef of Italy, served here in thin slices the size of playing cards, the mahogany-colored meat fibrous and a little gamy, moistened with a cool, lemoned mixture of oil and parsley—this is loud meat, with a flavor that can seem "off" if you are unaccustomed, but if you can accept it, it makes a stimulating first course.

What usually goes by the name "spiedino" in this city consists of small squares of ham, mozzarella cheese, and bread, in a four-or-five-inch repeated

Illustrated by Randall Enos

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"...Ultra-svelte spaghettini slithers about in a tomato sauce perfumed with crabmeat..."

series, assembled on a skewer, battered, deep-fried, and served with anchovy sauce. Il Menestrello's version, though made with tasty ham and decent enough cheese, and though served in a well-browned and airy crust, is heavily weighted toward bread, which makes it somewhat leaden. But it is the sharp and salty flavor of the hot and oily anchovy sauce against the crusty sandwich that makes this dish what it is, even in this heavy rendering.

This place bakes clams several ways—it uses fresh clams and flavors them strongly and well, but the baking is often too long, which toughens them. The raw clams are sparkling.

Sturdy broths and soups are served in broad soup plates. The zuppa di spinaci is a deep-yellow chicken broth, hot and fatty, replete with fresh spinach. Even sturdier is the minestra di fagioli con pasta (which usually goes by some variant of the name "pasta fazole"), the bean-and-pasta soup that is served here in an extremely solid version, with only limited space for the thickened broth in the interstices between the firm beans, pasta shells, and chunks of ham. Just before serving, the copious plate is strewn with parsley, which livens the earthy stuff; and, if you wish, strong Parmesan cheese is grated on at the table.

Spaghetti carbonara is prepared, for your amusement, beside your table: Onions and ham are sautéed in oil and butter, then simmered in consommé thickened with egg yolk, fortified with Parmesan cheese, and tossed with the just-cooked spaghetti in a hot pan—pungent food. The spaghetti bolognese is tame, as if the ground meat should have been further browned early in its preparation. The tortellini alla panna, though very much a careful rendering of the chicken-and-cheese-filled pasta tubes in cream sauce, is little more than richness and texture, the flavor of the stuffing vague. But the capelli d'angelo Il Menestrello (a $12 plate of noodles, no less) is a winner, about five miles of ultra-svelte spaghettini slithering about in a tomato sauce that is given a sweet, oceanic perfume of crabmeat.

Forty-five main courses are listed, and pickings among them are slim—nothing outright distasteful, you understand, but none inspires amaze. The deep-fried squid are tender, crisp, and tasteless. If you squeeze on lots of lemon, they taste like lemon. You take it that filetti di dentice Fiorentina is a dish of Florentine boned teeth, and you are disappointed to get slabs of snapper on a field of spinach, adorned with pale-yellow puddles of gooey sauce; it looks like an abstract by an untalented child and tastes only a little better. The shrimp dishes are no worse than the shrimp available in this city these days. You can get fine seafood here if you order a simple striped-bass preparation.

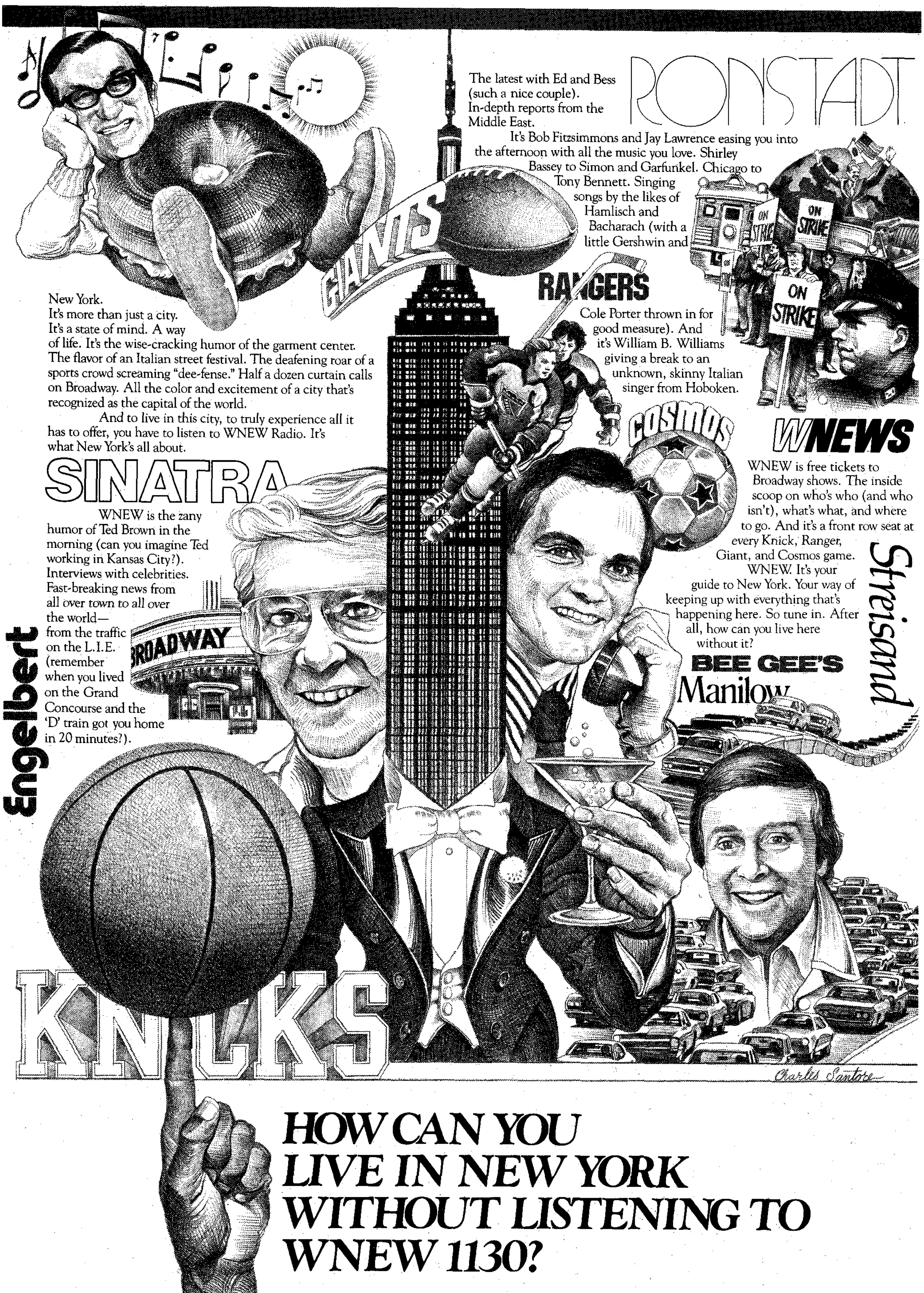
Inquire about the veal-chop preparations, and your waiter suggests you have it in a paper bag (not listed). It often arrives in a puffed-up enclosure of aluminum foil, the size of a baby's pillow, within which are steam and a big chop, juicy and tender, with a simple mushroom sauce—very good food. What you call chicken scarpariello they call spezzatino di pollo del contadino; these sautéed chunks of boned chicken are rather heavily oiled, and though there is garlic in the dish, the chicken is heavy and lacks vibrance. Splendid fried brains are available, the smooth gray meat gentle and hot, lightly crusted, and sprinkled with capers and their juice. Or you can have huge chunks of spicy Italian sausage in a slightly sweet tomato sauce that is thick with sautéed onions and peppers—something to put aside for winter.

For relief there is a cool salad of green beans and beets. For dessert there are the usual excesses—strong-and-wet rum cake under several inches of meringue; ponderous cheese cake; zabaglione that varies in Marsala content, temperature, and foaminess with the enthusiasm of your waiter.

The crowd crowds in, cigarettes hanging from every other lip. No tailored lawyers, media sophisticates, or high-fashion style setters are to be seen. Middlemen, salesmen, visiting buyers and their temporary companions all are comfortably assembled around the commodious tables. Drinks, too much food, and wine and cigars are preludes to closing the deal. "What Ah want for Dallas," a Texas retailer announces over his spumoni, "is a hip [pause], updated [pause], short-sleeve [long pause] safari shirt." His hosts take furious notes.

Complete dinners for two, with wine, come to around $60; less if the main course is pasta.

Il Menestrello, 14 East 52nd Street, 421-7588. Monday to Thursday, noon to 11 p.m.; Friday and Saturday, noon to midnight. Closed Sundays. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa. ■



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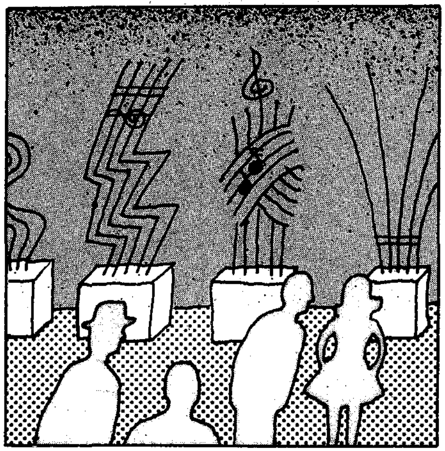
THE AVANT-GARDE: HONOR WITHOUT PROPHET

"... If the progressive spirit has indeed fizzled, that is a situation in which the audience, as well as the music, is to blame..."

As far as it went, Donal Henahan's recent Sunday *Times* article (June 25) on the collapse of the "evangelical avant-garde" was cogent and well reasoned. Henahan's basic point, that the struggle to advance the cause of radical newness in music has been abandoned on most fronts, is clearly borne out by bits of evidence all over the map. Henahan's words were not exactly tinged with regret, but that might be asking too much. If today's composers and performers have given up the fight to advance musical banners, most American journalists never recognize that the struggle ever took place. The last time the *Times* had a critic on its staff who could identify and describe the nature of musical progress was in the early sixties, in the person of Eric Salzman. However, since Salzman was unwilling to abandon his outside career as a composer, he was obliged to leave. Dammit, who *but* composers (Schumann, Wagner, Debussy, Wolf, Ives, Copland, Boulez—even, save the mark, Virgil Thomson) could ever translate musical progress into words?

The easiest mistake, in considering the relation of the musical avant-garde to what we think of as, for lack of a better phrase, the musical mainstream, is to invoke the lessons of history. Henahan, like the rest of us, falls into this trap in his first paragraph: Beethoven, Wagner, Mahler, Scriabin, etc., worked consciously to advance the frontiers of the art; where, therefore, is that pioneering spirit today? But there are clear reasons why this historical analogy cannot be applied. One reason has to do with a drastic change in the orientation of audiences toward music, *all* music, old and new. There was little music played in Beethoven's time except new music; the notion of a repertory of past masterpieces is fairly new. Today we are awash in the past; a newly discovered Vivaldi concerto competes for an audience with a newly composed score. The avant-garde isn't merely the tip of an iceberg; a better analogy might be the top of one tree in a large forest.

That's one problem. Another is the changing relationship between the arts and technology. Ideas percolate through the cultural world today with frightening speed; the brand-new score introduced last week in Vladivostok can show up here today on the radio or on records. Surrounded by the evidence of rapid change, we become obsessed with the need for change. Sure, Wagner's *Tristan* is an astounding—prophetic, if you wish—score against anything else composed in its time, but you can still trace Wagner's evolution from *Tannhäuser* to *Tristan* along a straight line. Nobody can afford to repeat himself today, or to evolve toward a significant, prophetic musical statement over a period of years. The avant-garde, therefore, becomes not a finite, powerful, forward thrust; it consists of lots of little jabs, an artistic anarchy.



Even so, there are ways in which the communication gap between musical progressives and their longed-for musical world could better be bridged. The most obvious way is through the academy. As everybody knows, today's composer is, with few important exceptions, on the faculty of some university or conservatory; there is no other way to make a decent living. Yet, I am somewhat depressed by how few major schools in this country have granted haven to the genuinely experimental composer, and how few include in their curricula—for music majors, or for general students—much material on experimental musical methods. In this area, for example, there is a well-equipped experimental music program, complete with electronic laboratory, at SUNY in Stony Brook, another at SUNY in Binghamton, a token installation at Queens College, and another at Yale. Princeton remains the hotbed of post-serial and electronic studies, as it has been since the first American composer who longed to forswear the C-major scale came to sit at the feet of Milton Babbitt. Otherwise, the academies teach music today as if *Le Sacre du Printemps* and *Pierrot Lunaire* were still at the outer limits of sanity.

The situation is little better at conservatories: no young teacher of advanced persuasion at either Juilliard or the Manhattan School, nor at Eastman, despite its position as the largest musician factory of them all. I have on my desk a 75-page pamphlet from Eastman listing, in small print, all the music played in the school's annual American Music Festival since 1925. Would you believe: not a note by John Cage, nothing of Roger Sessions later than 1923, nor of Elliott Carter since 1959 (against, need I add, page upon page of Howard Hanson and worse)?

Perhaps it's an artificial situation to expect that genuinely new music should figure in a school curriculum. Yet, there is no alternative today. If the avant-garde has indeed fizzled—in the sense that its prophets have been reduced to whistling in the dark—that is a situation in which the audience must be held responsible no less than the music. Outside the academy, we can expect two things to befall new music. One is that it must suffer the indignity of misunderstanding by the basically conservative press. The other is that its decent, promising ideas become ripped off and cheapened for the use of the mass media. For the former, you need only pick up any copy of the New York *Times*. For the latter, you need only listen to the fake modernism of electronic movie scores, the records in which Moog synthesizers have become the cocktail-hour electric organs of the Now Generation, or the mindless wanderings through pseudo-serial techniques perpetrated by lesser rock ensembles. Prophet has become profit, without honor. ▬

Illustrated by Ben Chase

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Imported clothing—Putumayo is having a summer clearance of a number of unisex items such as cotton V-neck Mexican pullover shirts, were $7, now $3; baggy cotton elastic-waist pants, one size fits many, were $14, now $9; Indian cotton tunics, can be worn as dresses, were $27, now $18; and natural-color hemp shoulder bags, were $4.50, now $2. There are some smaller items, too, mostly for women or very slight men: Afghan and Indian rayon drawstring pants, sizes P, S, M, were $17.50–$19.50, now $12.50–$14; hemp espadrilles, women's sizes 4–9, were $9, now $2. Looking beyond summer, there are Bolivian hand-knit alpaca sweaters in smaller sizes, were $45, now $33.75; Bolivian alpaca ponchos, were $45, now $30. Also on sale are baskets from Colombia and Ecuador, were $4–$36, now $2.50–$24; a group of clearance baskets are filled with one- and several-of-a-kind accessories, items of clothing, and the like, at up to 80 percent off. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Putumayo, 857 Lexington Ave., near 65th St. (734-3111); Mon.–Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Thurs. till 8 p.m.; through 8/19.*

Electrolysis for men—Tom Masters's usual charge for hair removal from face, neck, or body, for men only, is $20 an hour. His summer rate is $12 an hour and includes shaping of beard or chest hair and removal of hair from ears, back, shoulders, bridge of the nose, etc. By appointment only. *Tom Masters, 244 East 48th St. (759-2647); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.–4 p.m.; through 9/15.*

Sweets—Confectionery East's assorted hand-dipped chocolates, regularly $8 a lb., are now on sale at $5 a lb.; all-butter cookies, were $6 a lb., now $2.98; Louis Sherry hand-packed ice cream, sixteen flavors, was $2.75 a qt., now $2.25. The store will box and gift wrap free and will ship by UPS, $2 minimum postage and handling charge. Master Charge and Visa accepted on purchases of $10 and over. *Confectionery East, 1024 Lexington Ave., at 73rd St. (249-6226); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 9/1.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Maternity suits—Mater's Market is clearing out about 90 percent of its summer merchandise at discounts of 25–50 percent. Everything available in sizes 4–14. Solid-color slacks, in cotton, polyester, and blends, were $14–$22, now $8–$12; tops, were $14–$32, now $10–$20; pantsuits in various patterns, mostly blends, were $24–$45, now half price; dresses, including sundresses and dressy dresses as well as day dresses, were $25–$55, now $15–$35; selected designer dresses with tucked fronts, in small floral prints, were $55, now $40; shorts and tank tops, polo shirts, T-shirts, were $10–$22, now $8–$12; selected bathing suits, were $25–$36, now $15–$25. The store is also selling some infants' clothing, sizes 0–24 months, at 20 percent off. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Mater's Market, 237 East 53rd St. (355-7977); Mon. and Wed.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Tues. till 7 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Sewing—A large selection of all-cotton and cotton-blend printed fabrics, 45 in. wide, are being reduced to $2 a yd. from $3. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Hired Hand, 1324 Lexington Ave., near 88th St. (722-1355); Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m., closed Sat. in August; through 9/2.*

Menswear—Alexander Shields is celebrating its thirtieth anniversary with a summer sale. Sport jackets: embroidered linen, were $300, now $150; a limited quantity in silk, were $275, now $135; polyester knits, were $200–$225, now $110; corduroy, were $195, now $100. Unconstructed cotton-blend jackets, were $85, now $65. Jacket sizes 40R–46T. Trousers in assorted blends and cotton, sizes 34–38, were $60–$95, now $35–$50; kimonos and caftans (one size), were $50–$150, now $30–$75; Swiss silk ties, were $20, now $10; Swiss polyester ties, were $12.50, now $5; swimming trunks, sizes 32–40, were $25 and $30, now $16 and $21; and a terry beach blanket, zippered pocket, was $35, now $19.50. Alterations extra. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, checks accepted; all sales final. *Alexander Shields, 484 Park Ave., at 58th St. (832-1616); Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 7/29.* ■

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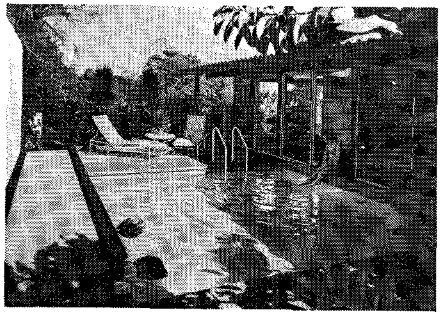

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Movies / Molly Haskell

PARTING SHOTS

"... Summer is the silly season for movies, but in eight years of reviewing I don't remember a stretch as moronic as this one..."

I knew it was time to say so long for a while when I got into a taxi last week and said, "1600 Broadway, ninth floor." I had finally succumbed to the occupational disease of the professional moviegoer: terminal passivity. It wasn't enough that I should take the elevator up to the screening room and sit *there* like a zombie for two hours. Now my subconscious, adopting the defense reaction of one who has been done to once too often, was insisting that I be transplanted bodily to my seat.

Summer is known as the silly season for movies, but in eight years of reviewing I don't remember a stretch as moronic as this one. How can a reviewer look his typewriter in the face and ask it to churn out 750 words on *Grease* or *Convoy* or *FM* or *Thank God It's Friday*?

The problem is not so much that criticism is irrelevant to these movies —which in itself is not a bad thing. Audiences will simply sniff out what they want to see, which I suspect is what they've been doing all along. The problem is more rudimentary: What does one say about a rubber shark, killer bees, a grown man in a kangaroo suit, and 30-year-old cheerleaders that won't further confirm the widely held suspicion that movie critics are people who never grew up in the first place?

A temporary solution might be to let the real kids take over, at least for the summer. Let the ten-year-olds write the reviews, and let them try to find something to take the parents to. A new rating system could be devised: PG (Parents with Grass), PK (Parents with Kids), X (Only if Stoned), and HBO.

HBO, or only on Home Box Office, would, for example, be the appropriate rating for Sam Peckinpah's **Convoy.** The small screen could hardly damage, and might improve, this absurdly grandiose tribute to the noble trucker. In expanding a nice country ballad by C. W. McCall into a two-hour paean to macho camaraderie, Peckinpah finally goes over the edge into the self-parody that has been nagging at his heels in his last several movies.

This marks Molly Haskell's final column on film for this magazine. After eight years of reviewing movies, she is taking a leave of absence from film criticism to work on a screenplay and a novel. David Denby, who has written on films for New York, *the* Atlantic Monthly, *and, most recently, the* Boston Phoenix, *will become our movie critic with the July 31 issue.*

F I N I
REMINGTON

A group of independent truckers, led by one Rubber Duck (Kris Kristofferson), take to the road in a spontaneous demonstration. A spontaneous demonstration of what, you may ask, and well you might. Is it against the 55-mph speed limit with which the nasty law seeks to clip the wings of our cowboys of the road? No, this is Myth, you see, and nothing so concrete as an issue is allowed to mar the purity of the Act. With its facetious violence—cop cars overturning, but no one getting hurt—and rhyming dialogue, *Convoy* plays like a Roadrunner cartoon with a C.B. soundtrack. Ali MacGraw was rescued from early retirement and given a poodle cut for this?

Grease, to give another application of the rating system, would earn a PK, or pK, with the kid factor dominant. The idea is for the kids' enthusiasm to infect the parents, who will commence to see the film and their own rites of passage through the youngsters' eyes. There is, I have discovered, no point in attempting a rational argument with adult fans of this picture. As with a great many films these days, it is "critic proof," which simply means that nothing you say, however persuasively reasoned or (in desperation) cuttingly delivered, will sway the other person. He may concede your points—weak acting, mediocre script, etc.—but he will walk away with the secret smile of one whose inner faith remains unshaken.

To tell the truth—and it's now or never—I have found myself walking away with that secret smile. On the subject of *An Unmarried Woman,* for instance, friends have besieged me with objections ranging from the injustice of Jill Clayburgh's skinny thighs to the social improbability of her women friends to the unlikelihood of so dazzling a suitor as Alan Bates's painter turning up ("If only he weren't hung in the Museum of Modern Art," one friend complained) . . . and then sent packing. It's only a movie, I counter, and one of exceptional grace and wit and artistry—all considerations of style which invariably take a backseat when gut feelings are involved. It's not that I don't respect gut feelings; I just think maybe our guts have gone soft.

Viewers, particularly young ones, are not unaware of defects in a film; they simply don't care. It may be that television has not only altered our atten-

Illustrated by Jeanne Grundberg

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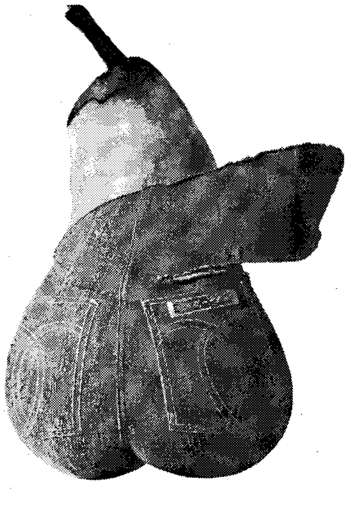
tion span, in the sense that a kick or giggle or mini-spasm every twenty minutes is enough to satisfy an audience, but we are so accustomed to looking at it in a spirit of derision that our perceptions of good and bad have changed. All that is left of the sixties apotheosis of pop culture is the decadent residue, an inversion of values whereby badness is goodness and worse is better.

Hence, the enormous appetite for junk melodrama behind this enthusiasm is the very real hunger for story and character, for family saga, for moral order expressed in fable that are indigenous to all communities throughout history. It is the same impulse that Alfred Kazin recognized in a recent review in the New York *Times,* in which he made the astonishing upward evaluation of Thomas Hardy as a poet over arch-modernist T. S. Eliot.

Despite the gloom and doom pronouncements, including my own, there is more than enough to keep even the soberest mind stimulated. On the horizon are two films by independent filmmakers, Claudia Weill's *Girlfriends* and Steve Rash's *The Buddy Holly Story,* flawed, but not so flawed that you could fail to be dazzled by the ugly-duckling stars at their centers. Melanie Mayron, the funny-faced mercurial photographer heroine of *Girlfriends,* makes us forget that she is acting out yet another primer on How the Single, Creative Woman Achieves Independence. And Gary Busey not only sounds like Buddy Holly, he is riveting in his own right. With his heavy-rimmed spectacles and his overbite, his rich, low-key southern humor, he is the weirdest looking and acting romantic hero to wiggle across the screen in some time. And yet, like Mayron, he is romantic, each of them in ways that are eccentric and "un-Hollywood" without being boringly and piously anti-Hollywood. And both performers offer evidence that some mysterious quality we call sex appeal is harder to define than it ever was—and continues to be what movies are all about.

I feel safe in predicting that in television, as in movies, the good will continue to bed down with the bad, travel alongside it, sprout up in its midst, make life and criticism difficult for even the most open-minded observers. This is the mixed heritage of popular culture and its magic. The danger is not that movies won't get better—they always do—but that critics will become so jaded by dreck that they will miss that sudden shaft of wit or grace that redeems an otherwise nondescript film, and makes moviegoing and movie reviewing such an endlessly fascinating adventure. ■

The difference is looking hot or not.



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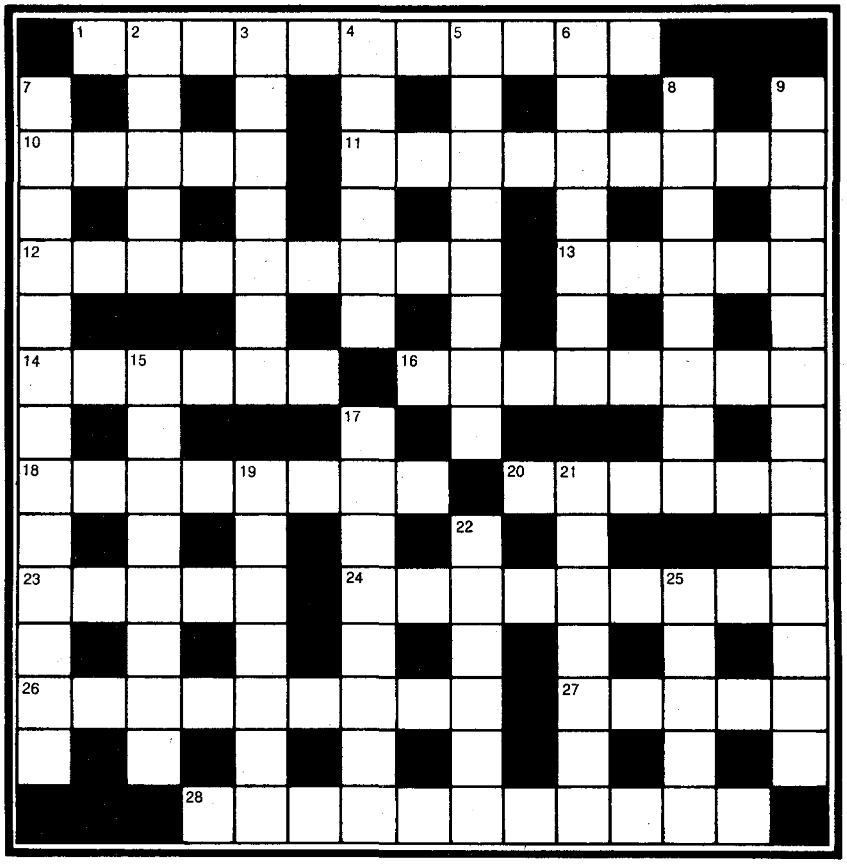

Clues

ACROSS

1 There's no great difference in pennies and ha'pennies these days. (5, 6)

10 Dictator engulfed in his own sullen indifference. (5)

11 Accident to long ship causes no sadness. (9)

12 Soldier re-reading a new order. (9)

13 Give it back to a painter of headgear. (5)

14 Gratuity cherished as much as an article of clothing. (6)

16 One kind of operation into which the resident assistant surgeon takes a beginner. (8)

18 Shakespeare for nothing? The choice is yours! (4-4)

20 The dashing chaps of Sheffield? (6)

23 Sensitive to a disagreeable setback. (5)

24 False flag first displayed in rough cloth. (9)

26 Wooing in the royal yacht? (9)

27 One of Nature's weapons used in a brutal onslaught. (5)

28 In her job she needs at least three eyes! (11)

DOWN

2 Cut it fine when going for food? (5)

3 One's occupation before maturity is indicated by ancestry. (7)

4 Chore I fixed for the man who's taking over part of the estate. (2-4)

5 Ambitious and poisonous creature belonging to one clique. (8)

6 Girl set out like this? It takes some swallowing! (7)

7 It's pure imagination that you can get the air trip of your taste. (6, 2, 5)

8 In the grass, might be left behind! (8)

9 This bean melts when crushed—what a business! (13)

15 "The art of our necessities is strange, That can make vile things ——" (*King Lear*). (8)

17 Slovenly errors by the brick-carrier. (8)

19 Come to grips with this answer. (7)

21 Learning to stutter in this school? (7)

22 Plain to Russians and others. (6)

25 Henry leads a master in this game. (5)

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Solution to last issue's puzzle:

A	N	E	C	D	O	T	E	■	A	B	I	D	E	S
I	■	V	■	E	■	E	■	■	■	L	■	E	■	W
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L	■	N	■	P	■	T	■	T	■	E	■	T	■	E
E	X	T	R	A	S	■	R	E	A	D	J	U	S	T
S	■	S	■	I	■	A	■	R	■	O	■	R	■	E
■	■	■	G	R	A	N	D	M	O	T	H	E	R	S
M	■	S	■	■	■	I	■	I	■	■	■	S	■	T
I	N	T	R	A	N	S	I	T	I	V	E	■	■	■
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P	■	T	■	I	■	D	■	R	■	T	■	L	■	P
O	B	O	I	S	T	■	S	E	M	I	T	O	N	E
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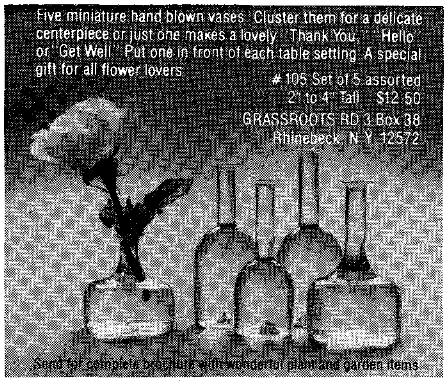

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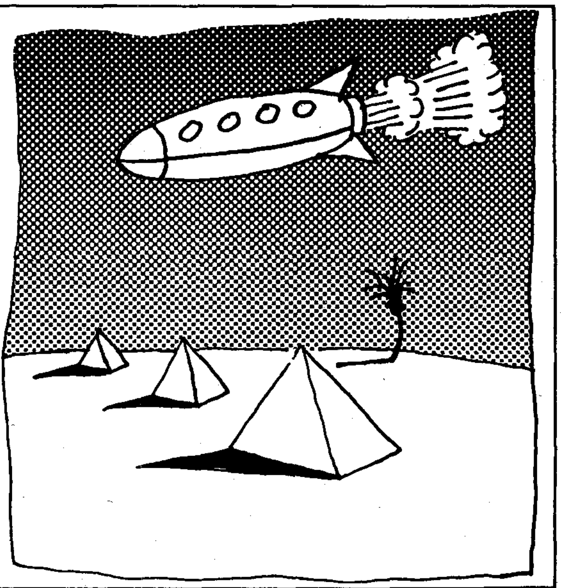

ART & ANTIQUES

This is a biweekly Section for Galleries, Antique Dealers & Auction Houses limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Introductory Rates for this Section are as follows: 1 time ad—$134 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$117 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$109 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during the year—$100 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Closing is every other Monday at 1 p.m., for following Monday's issue.

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TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

This is a Weekly Real Estate Section limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Rates for this section are as follows: 1 time ad—$147 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$129 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$120 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during one year—$110 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Payment & closing dates are the same as regular New York Magazine Classified.

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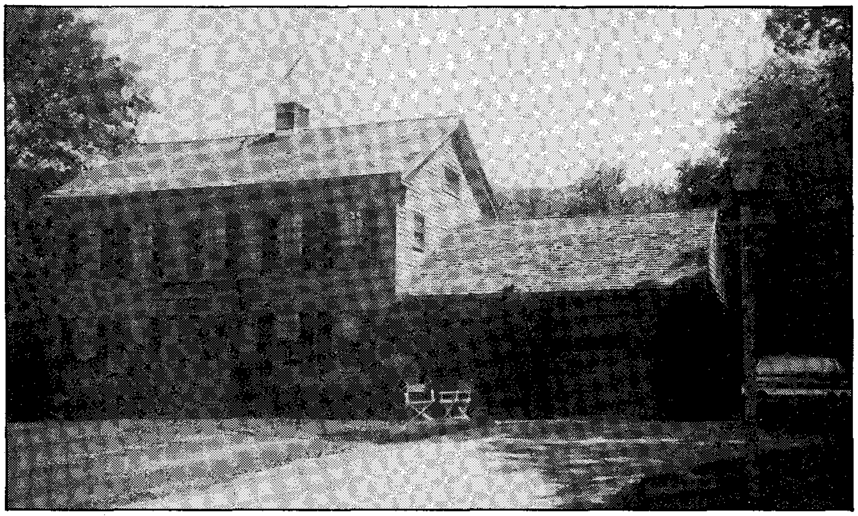
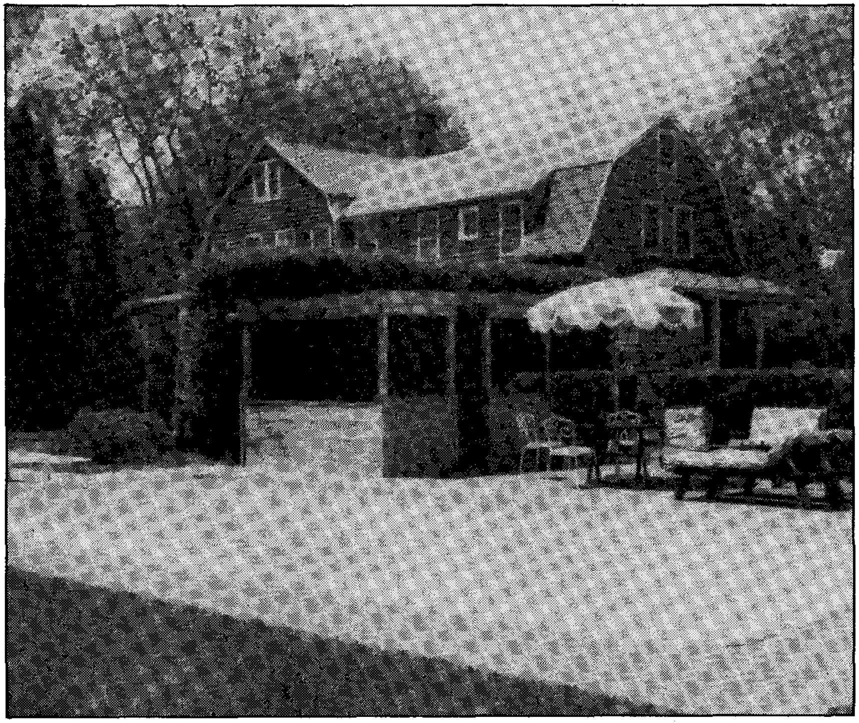


CANDLEWOOD LAKE

A classic center chimney colonial in excellent condition with living room and dining room fireplaces, 3 bedrooms and 2 baths, and beautiful wideboard floors. Located on a small meticulous lot in Brookfield, Ct. with frontage on Candlewood Lake and a skating pond behind make this perfect for summer or winter fun. Fantastic value! $79,900.

CORPREX (203) 775-0493



EAST HAMPTON VILLAGE

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54 A. in Woodstock Me.

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Prime Property, Boothbay, Me.

6+ A. HOUSE LOT with guest house, SPECTACULAR VIEW OVER LIMEKIN BAY. Boathouse w/small apt. on waterfront, 1 building, currently year 'round living. Main summer house on lot across from water. Could be divided. $87,500.

Maine A-Frame

Sportsmen, Skiers, Snowmobilers: Large A-frame, 138' FRONTAGE POPLAR STREAM, 117' on road. 4 rm., 3 br., franklin fp., furnished. Lots of trees, other ski camps. Near Sugarloaf, Red Stallion Inn for entertainment. Good vacation spot. $15,000.

1 Acre Me. Island

Cozy cottage nestled in wooded isle on Sebec Lake in Willimantic. Cottage has 5 rms., 8' wide deck, spectacular mt. view. ALSO: GUEST COTTAGE; 20' x 14' WINTER COTTAGE; GUIDES CAMP. Phone hook up, 2500 watt generator. Float plane dock. 10 min. ride boat to dock. $75,000.

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Luxurious estate, very tip end South Merritt Island, 38 miles north Vero Beach, Florida. Near everything including jetport, yet completely private. 7,200 square feet, 4 levels on 1,340 feet Intercoastal Waterway. Priced $360,000. Excellent terms. Owner (305) 773-8599. Brochure on request.

Treetop House - Waitsfield, Vermont

Enter unique house via 50' covered footbridge: 3 bedrooms; 2 baths; 2 fireplaces; all major appliances; all furniture built-in; easy maintenance, magnificent views, near shopping, restaurants, all sports, cross country trails, 3 major ski areas. $58,000.

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Very private Orange County, New York. Easy living on 26 wooded and open acres. Inground heated pool, house, barn, brook. Located near transportation, shops, services. $71,500. Owner (914) 744-3909.

WARREN

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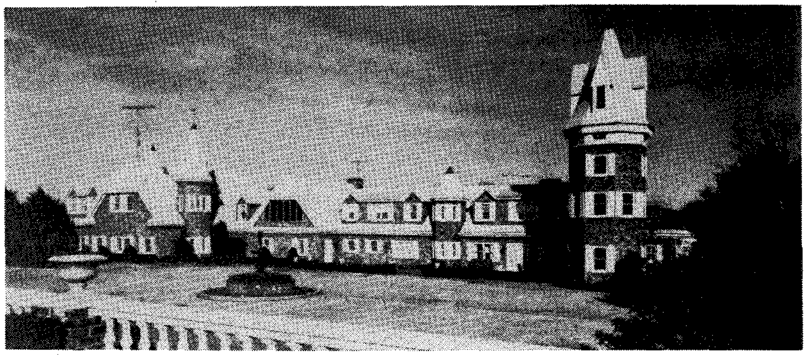

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N.H. Woodland Hideaway

Year round access to this 3 rm. cabin, on 15A. in Hillsboro. 1000' FRONTAGE ON LARGE TROUT BROOK - excellent water. Secluded & quiet - 1½ hrs. to Boston. ½ mi boating, fishing, swimming. 800' to paved rd. basic equipment included. $28,500.

White Mt. View Farm

Lovely N.H. location in Jefferson. 200 A. FARM READY TO WORK, with 6 rm. cape farmhouse, 3 br., in good condition. Included main barn: 90 x 45 x 40; stable; 55 cow tie up; 28 x 75 hay storage. 4 mi. to town, 1 mi. national forest, proximity to schools. $125,000.

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NEW YORK

The Working Classified

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 324

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

“We’re in for a spell of bad w-h-e-t-h-e-r.”

Above, the aphorism as self-fulfilling prophecy. Competitors are invited to supply one familiar phrase, title, name, or whatever, altered so as to prove its own case.

Results of Competition 321, in which you were asked to provide definitions for familiar phrases mauled by the prefixing of up to three syllables.

Report: With notable exceptions (the prizewinners in particular), this lacked, uh, Smithsonian quality. Let me put it another way—I’ve seen results I’ve liked better. I’ve seen examples I’ve liked better. Listen. I’ve seen *egg timers* I’ve liked better. Some remarks just to let you know I read them all: Many contained prefixed random letters rather than what you call your syllable. And some died of suffixation. However, as several of you pointed out, if at first you don’t succeed, try psychiatry again.

First Prize of a two-year subscription to “New York” to:

I think, therefore I play dead: Cogito, ergo possum.
Mariel Bossert, Chatham, N.J.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to “New York” to:

Opening sentence, Gerald Ford’s biography: “I was born in a house my stepfather built.”
Paul Gargano, Mobile, Ala.

Psychoanalyst counseling Eskimo patient: “I’m OK, You’re Nanook.”
Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

Gerald Ford’s 1980 presidential-campaign slogan: “Why Not the Dumbest?”
John Falxa, NYC

And Honorable Mention to:

Kicking the Borscht Belt habit, or “When I Say Pocono I Feel Guilty.”
Sara K. Alterman & Peter Alterman, Denver, Colo.

An Eskimo’s invitation: Skip to My Igloo, My Darling.
Cassie Tully, Monsey, N.Y.

Wool sleepwear: The nightie that binds.
Gerry Sachs, NYC

The first rule of decorating: No ottoman is an island.
Mario Conti, Warwick, R.I.

What Orson Welles uses to keep his pants up: The last of the big suspenders.
Brian Gallagher, NYC

Comment in *Guide Michelin:* Soufflés Miserables.
Douglas Braverman, East Meadow, N.Y.

Egyptian ballet: Aswan Lake
Debbie Alpiner, Flushing, N.Y.

Neapolitan mendicant: The minestrone I love belongs to somebody else.
Norton Bramesco, NYC

Headline in Roman scandal mag: Et tutu, Brute.
Nikki Rosa, NYC

Have camel, will travel: Gunga Paladin.
Joel Schechter, Brooklyn

Steve Cauthen in *Godfather III:* Little Featured Riding Hood.
Penny Boardman, Wayne, N.J.

The ad-libs of actor Fredric: Beware the asides of March.
Helene B. Ellner, Richland, Wash.

John Denver hit: Much Colorado About Nothing.
R. Leon Macdonald, Montezuma, Ind.

Scot to Eve, on first paved road in Eden: “Madam, I’m Macadam.”
similarly: Mrs. Sam S. Klein, North Caldwell, N.J.; Susan Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

Disappointing erotic origami: Exhibit’s Only a Paper Moon.
Mel Rosen, Stanfordville, N.Y.

Zola’s shocking jungle classic: Banana.
similarly: Simon Deutsch, Forest Hills, N.Y.; Lori Skenazy, Wilmette, Ill.

Whiskey drinkers of distinction: Star Dewars.
Janet E. Allen, Ridgewood, N.J.

Review of oboe player in *The Iceman Cometh*: It’s an O’Neill wind that blows no good.
Mrs. William Lloyd Hadley, Reno, Nev.

Treatise on heredity: Crummy Mother/My Self.
Barbara Allen, Ridgewood, N.J.

Richard Nixon and his memoirs: A Tale of Two Atrocities.
Wells I. Matthews, Corvallis, Ore.

Flare-dropping squad: You Light Up Enemy Life.
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

Amy Vanderbilt’s motto: To Have and Misbehave Not.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

Mr. Perdue’s latest flier: Wild goose purchase.
Ruth Migdal, Brooklyn

Liberace’s country runabout: The Surrey With the Fringe Neon Top.
Becky Boardman, Wayne, N.J.

Seller of polite sex manuals: The Merchant of Lovenice.
Physics Building, SUNY, Albany, N.Y.

Theme from *Oh, God:* You Light Up My Afterlife.
Judy Mostowitz, Brooklyn

Hallmark quality control: Closely Watched Quatrains.
Henry McCaddin, Summit, N.J.
sp. mention: Princess Thompson, Bellmore, Ind.

A duel: Gentlemen’s Disagreement.
Jamie J. Christenson, Omaha, Neb.

Bull, bear, it’s all the same to me: Plus ça stockexchange, plus c’est la même chose.
Ray Mann, Merrimasport, Me.

Robert Pirsig’s winter journey: Frozen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance.
Rick Derevan, Irvine, Pa.

You ordered tripe? Happy Entrails to You.
Howard Adler, Staten Island

Francis the Talking Mule in: A Star Is Stubborn.
Anne Bernstein, NYC

Favorite pastime of Darwin and the Pope: The Origin Game.
similarly: Ed Boardman, Wayne, N.J.; John C. Williams, Fairport, N.Y.; Margaret D. Dale, Longmeadow, Mass.

Ringling Bros. touring Israel: Send Begin the Clowns.
Bernie Horowitz, Rochester, N.Y.

Sadat’s peace overture: The Return of the Alternative.
Ira Avery, Stamford, Conn.

Sahara explorer, designer, and promoter of the burnoose: Nomad as a Hatter.
E. G. Radick, Mercerville, N.J.

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Lee Bouvier's motto: Where there's a Radziwill, there's a way.
Janet Lemkau, Plandome, N.Y.

Employment policy of nineteenth-century photographers: She's pretty, but can she Daguerreotype?
Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.

My butcher's freezer: The Layaway of All Flesh.
Leila Klein, Harrison, N.Y.

Showstopper from *The Unsinkable Donald Duck*: I Ain't Eiderdown Yet.
R. Goldman, New Rochelle, N.Y.

New Carter energy plan: You Can't Take Kuwait With You.
Karen Burket, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

Con Edison: The Surcharge of the Light Brigade.
Charlie Phalen, NYC

Attila the Hun and Genghis Khan: The Bad News Forebears.
Kathleen Derevan, Irvine, Calif.

The Naked Ape: Streaking Kong.
Kathie Coblentz, NYC

Customer at Brooks Brothers clerical department: The Man in the Gray Flannel Jesuit.
Russ Rubin, Minnetonka, Minn.

Instructions to Polish hit man: Punch Garland Judy.
similarly: Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.; Oliver Katz, East Hampton, N.Y.

Hispanic rallying cry: Let my people fandango.
Linda Quirini, Greenville, R.I.

Nixon and Agnew: Separate Disreputables.
E. D. Heil, NYC

Essential for rural American culture: Sine Chatauqua Non.
Ted Chaloner, Boston, Mass.

Rock musical version, *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*: Sh-Boom.
Chip Chapin, NYC

Chinese inflation expert: Pearl S. Doublesawbuck.
Mary Jo Bohr, Chicago, Ill.

What Alex Comfort's books give you (besides comfort): Savoir affaire.
Tibby Llewellyn, Savannah, Ga.

Arthur Murray's Plaza Christmas party: The Cotillion in Winter.
similarly: James Fechheimer, Glen Head, N.Y.; W. H. Richardson, Peace Dale, R.I.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 324, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by July 21. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York*, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of August 28. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards only.**

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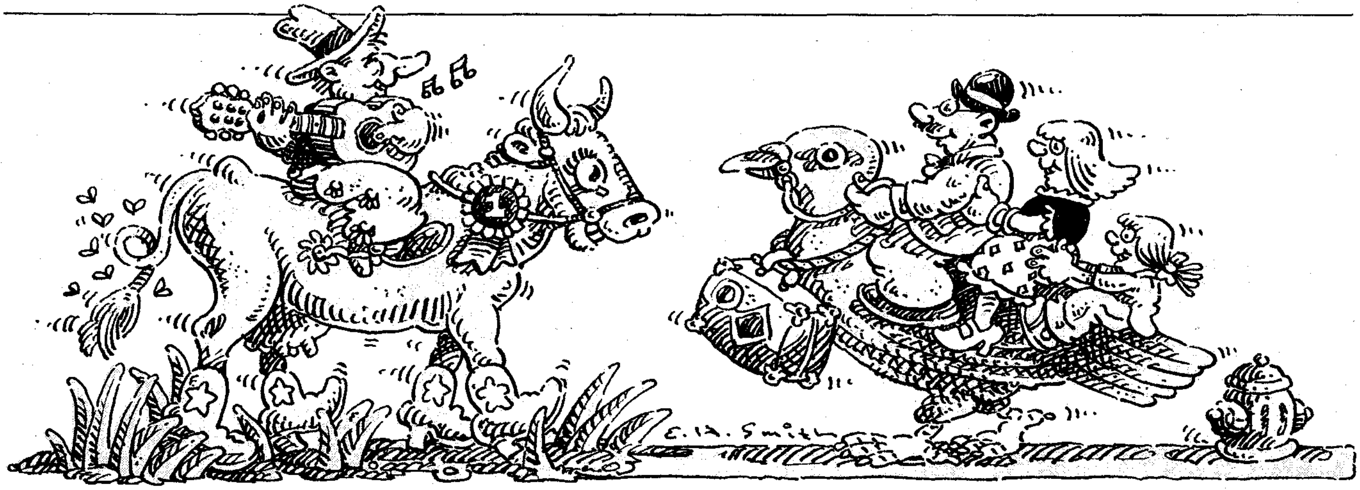
Page of Lists / J. Wandres

FAIRS TO REMEMBER

...Step right up. Thrill shows, demolition derbies, stock-car races, livestock shows, music, all at this summer's country fairs...



When Central Park gets too crowded and the only animal life you've seen all year is a fretful cat, consider the attractions of the good old-fashioned country fair. All of the following offer their wholesome activities within a 100-mile drive of New York City.

1. July 28–Aug. 5: Orange County Fair, *Middletown, N.Y. (914) 343-4826. New York State Thruway to Exit 16; Route 17 north to Exit 122.* Fri.: Stella Parton. Sat.: stock-car racing. Sun.: firemen's day competitions, demolition derby. Mon.: Joie Chitwood Thrill Show. Tues.: Jack Kochman Hell Drivers. Wed.: stock-car racing. Thurs.: Don Jett (Elvis impersonator). Fri.: Pee Wee King Show, starring Red Sovine, with Red Stewart and the Collins Sisters. Sat.: stock-car racing.

2. Aug. 6–13: Sussex County Farm & Horse Show, *Augusta, N.J. (201) 383-3800. I-80 west to New Jersey Route 15; north nineteen miles.* Sun.: American-quarter-horse show. Mon.: local-sheep-and-goat show, Dairy Princess Queen contest. Tues.: team-pulling and wood-chopping contests. Wed.: 4-H dairy show. Thurs.: seniors' day, with local entertainment. Fri.: Playboy Bunnies-vs.-farmers milking contest. Sat., Sun.: sheep show.

3. Aug. 14–19: Kutztown Fair, *Kutztown, Pa. (215) 683-7696. New Jersey Turnpike to Exit 6; Pennsylvania Turnpike north on the Northeast Extension; Route 22 to Fogelsville; Route 100 south; Route 222 to fairgrounds.* Mon., Tues.: tractor-pulling contests. Wed.: "Spurrlows" variety show. Thurs.: Ernie Tubb (country and western). Fri.: Blue Ridge Quartet (spirituals). Sat.: Sonny James (country and western). Midway is open in the afternoon, the rest of the fair in the evening.

4. Aug. 22–27: Dutchess County Fair, *Rhinebeck, N.Y. (914) 876-4001. New York State Thruway to Exit 19; Route 209 north, over toll bridge to Route 9G south, two miles.* Tues.: fireworks. Wed.: Royal Lippizan stallions. Thurs., Fri.: Joie Chitwood Thrill Show. Fri.: "Giants of Jazz" show. Fri., Sat., Sun.: Mid-Hudson Ballet. Sat.: Hudson Valley Philharmonic. Sun.: firemen's parade, Willy Hutson's Gospel Train.

5. Aug. 25–Sept. 2: Allentown Fair, *Allentown, Pa. (215) 433-7541. New Jersey Turnpike to Exit 6; Pennsylvania Turnpike to Northeast Extension; north to Allentown.* Fri., Sat.: Chicago. Sun.: *The Gong Show.* Mon.: "Big El" (Elvis impersonator). Tues.: Mac Davis. Wed.: the Captain and Tennille. Thurs.: world-championship wrestling matches. Fri., Sat.: the Osmond Family. Sat.: high school bands, demolition derby.

6. Aug. 29–Sept. 4: Flemington Agricultural Fair, *Flemington, N.J. (201) 782-2413. New Jersey Route 22 west to Route 202 west, fourteen miles; north one mile on Route 31.* Tues.: State Dairy Princess contest, mini-stock-car races. Wed.: tractor-pulling competition. Thurs.: Billy "Crash" Craddock (country and western). Fri.: firemen's day, mini-stock-car races. Sat.: midget-auto races. Sun.: Jack Kochman Hell Drivers. Mon.: demolition derby, stock-car races.

7. Aug. 31–Sept. 4: Columbia County Fair, *Chatham, N.Y. (518) 392-3951. New York State Thruway to Exit 21A; I-90 east to Exit B2; south on Taconic State Parkway two miles to Route 295; south one mile.* Thurs.: Joie Chitwood Thrill Show. Fri.: horse racing, 4-H horse show. Sat.: twenty-fifth volunteer firemen's competition/parade. Sun.: fortieth schoolgirl competition, western horse show. Mon.: Siemonski Sisters (formerly of *The Lawrence Welk Show*), horse racing, English horse show.

8. Sept. 8–17: New Jersey State Fair, *Trenton, N.J. (609) 587-6300. New Jersey Turnpike to Exit 8; west on New Jersey Route 33 ten miles.* Fri.: Diaper Derby, Miss New Jersey State Fair Pageant. Wed.: ladies' day. Thurs.: seniors' day. Free grandstand; auto thrill shows; livestock shows.

9. Sept. 30–Oct. 9: Great Danbury State Fair, *Danbury, Conn. (203) 748-3535. I-95 north to I-287 north, to I-684; east on I-84 to Route 7 south. Or I-95 north to Connecticut Route 7 north to Danbury.* Entertainment schedule not set. "The Certain Sound," musical variety show. Three theme villages—New England, Western Gold Town, Nieuw Amsterdam—each with crafts and shops. Jack Kochman Hell Drivers, human cannonball, sway-pole act. ▬

Illustrated by Elwood H. Smith

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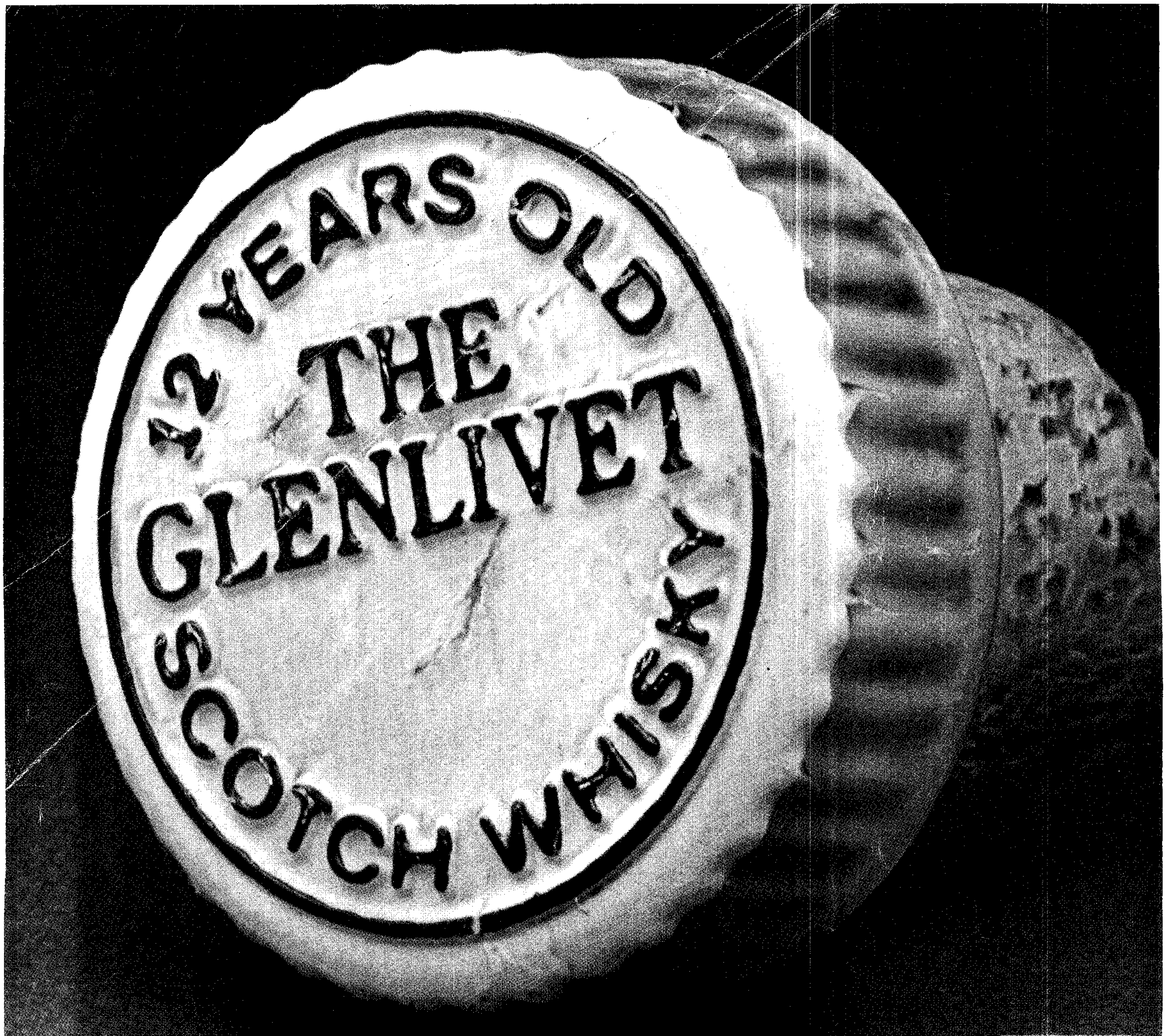
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